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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2200

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

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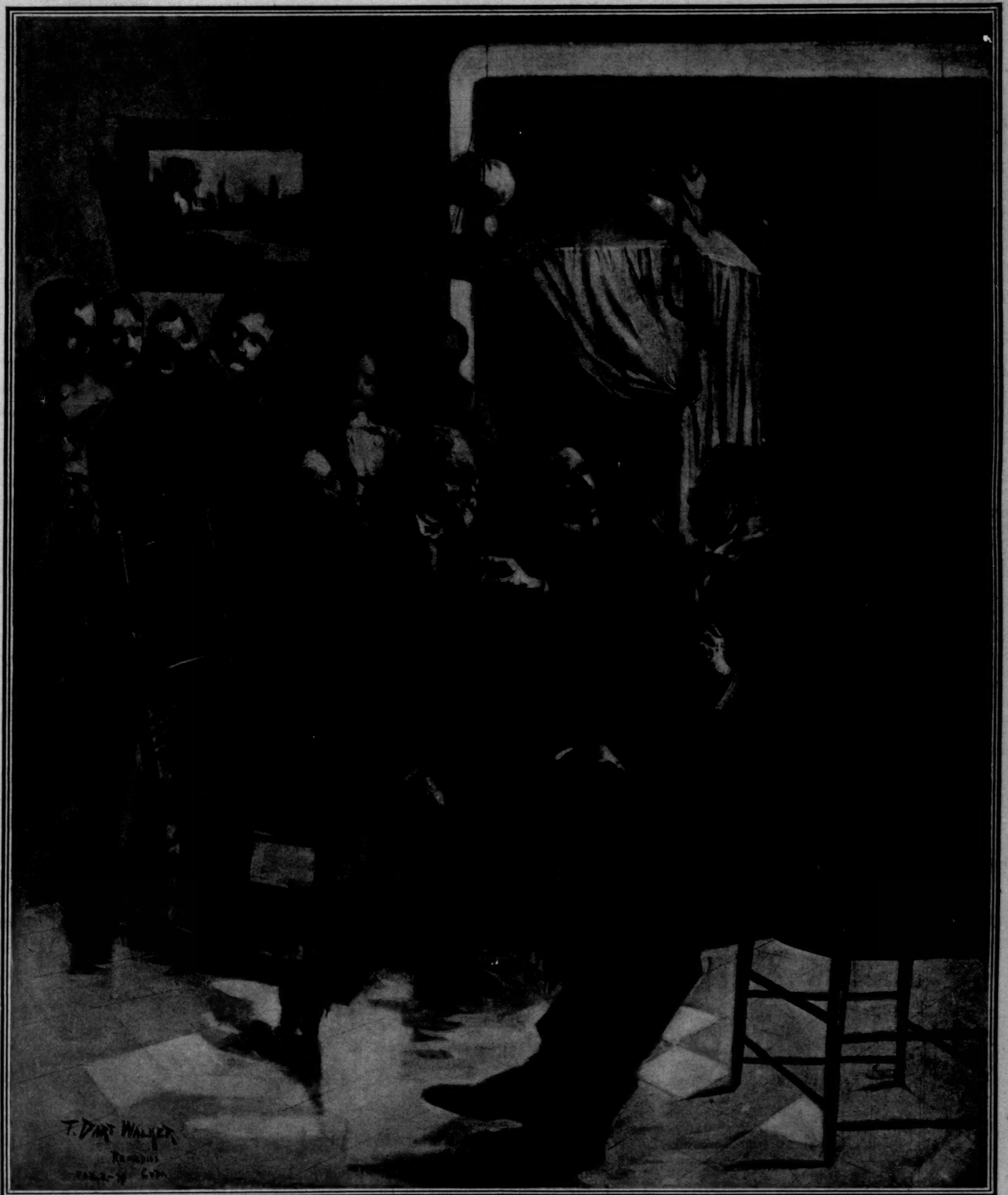


Lieutenant Hanna. General Carrillo. General Gomez. Senor Gonzalo de Quesada. Mr. Porter. Captain Campbell.

CUBA—SPECIAL-COMMISSIONER ROBERT P. PORTER ARRANGING WITH GENERAL GOMEZ AT REMEDIOS FOR THE DISBANDMENT OF THE CUBAN ARMY.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 176.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-SIX PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico
Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

Our Duty in Asia

NOW that the treaty of Paris is ratified, the duty of the government is clear. It must compel order in the archipelago so long as it is unfortunate enough to be responsible for the conduct of the savages who make up the larger part of its population, and of the Filipinos who insist upon the right of governing themselves. The treaty of Paris has already brought us a good deal of trouble, and cost us several score of American lives. What is to come to us in the future besides trouble no one can tell. That we are to have enough of that is clear to all but those who regard it as the right of white men to kill all the savages of the globe in the interest of commerce—in other words, for gain—and who then, hiding behind the disordered genius of Mr. KIPLING, indulge in hypocritical cant about the "white man's burden." General MERRITT, who has been in the Philippines, is said to believe that the fighting is likely to continue. General GREENE, who has been there also, is reported to be somewhat doubtful as to the future.

The savages, some of them naked bowmen, who fought our troops at Manila on the 4th and 5th of this month, are now the subjects of President McKINLEY. He alone is wholly responsible for their government, and he will remain a virtual dictator until Congress sees fit to establish a regular government for the islands. When that will be is another event concerning which it would be dangerous to prophesy. We have owned Alaska for more than thirty-one years, and Congress has not yet been able to devise for that Territory a system of government. It is to be hoped that the delay in establishing governments for our new possessions will not be so great as this; and yet the present Congress has nearly finished its life, and nothing has been accomplished in the way of providing a government for Hawaii. In this and in other ways we are faced with the startling fact that Congress, with whom rest all the power and all the real responsibility, has not yet taken the first step towards the optimistically predicted time when it is to "rise to its responsibilities." Whatever may happen at Washington, however, and whatever trouble and disaster may come to us by reason of the making and ratification of the treaty, must be faced frankly. For the executive and administrative tasks that lie before the government we must depend upon the President and the army and navy; but Congress has one duty to perform before it adjourns on the 4th of March, and that is to give the President the means to carry on the task which it has assumed, and then to keep its grabbing hands off the military services. The politicians ought to recognize that the country has had already too much of their sons and favorites as commissioned officers, and too many cans of poisonous provisions supplied by their constituents.

While the islands of the archipelago are now parts of the territory of the United States, their people were insurgent against Spain, and we have purchased the insurrection. Before anything else can be settled this insurrection must be put down wherever it is giving trouble, and to that end the President must have troops. If the war goes on at all, it is likely to last for a long time, unless extraordinary measures are taken to end it. The natives, of course, are no match for our soldiers in the open field, but they know a trick worth to them a good deal more than fair fighting. They are familiar with the trick of drawing white troops into the mountains and forests, and there exposing them to the mercies of a nature that kills thousands where bullets would destroy one. Heat and disease are on the side of the natives, as they were on the side of the Madagascans when so many of the soldiers of the French army of invasion died of fevers that the government did not dare to publish the mortality list. If the war with the natives goes on, many American homes, of which our politicians are vociferously fond, will count their dead in the far-away Philippines by the thousands. Therefore the war must be pushed with vigor; and a large army, this time under competent leadership, with the necessary equipment of all arms and of tentage, with sufficient and wholesome food, and with abundance of medical supplies, must be sent to the grewsome task which the government has upon its hands. This time let there be no thought of "pull" commissions, no attempt to deprive the country of the services of any soldier who may win fame which may make him a formidable rival for Presidential honors, and no attempt to make the war profitable for contractors. If we must have war, let us have one entirely free from the smell of the syndicate.

The military power of the country needs re-establishment at once if we are to have a war of the kind outlined. General OTIS has in Manila a force of seventeen or eighteen thousand men, mostly volunteers, and a few regulars are on their way to join him. The volunteers, who are mainly from the West, have apparently been drilled and trained into soldiers, for they seem to have given a most excellent account of themselves at Manila. But many, if not all of them, have been long clamoring for home. It is a fact that several Senators and Congressmen who supported the treaty of Paris, and who favor the retention of the Philippines, have recently begged the President to discharge the volunteers; and, even since the news of the battle of Manila, it has been announced that it continues to be the intention of the War Department to withdraw the volunteers as rapidly as their places can be supplied by regulars. As a matter of fact, the volunteers and the additional regulars who were enlisted under the emergency act will be entitled to their discharge as soon as the treaty is ratified by Spain, which ratification may be assumed as of course. Then the army will be legally reduced to the 25,000 men of the old regular establishment, unless the volunteers and the additional regulars see fit to re-enlist. Even in the event of their willingness to do this, however, there is now no law under which they can re-enlist, or which will warrant the Treasury Department in paying them.

Action by Congress, therefore, is absolutely necessary. It has thrown a great responsibility upon the country and upon the President, and it ought to provide the means by which the burden can be borne. The Senate ought to pass the HULL bill at once, but not unamended. In the first place, in view of the character of the service upon which the army must enter, the number of surgeons should be greatly increased. In the second place, no one should be granted a commission in the army except after passing an adequate mental examination. In the third place, some line-officers should be appointed into the engineer and ordnance corps to change those departments into military organizations. In the fourth place, staff-officers appointed to command troops should be declared to forfeit their staff appointment, and their places should be supplied permanently by line-officers of the regular army, and not by civilians. With these few amendments, notoriously necessary, the HULL bill will be a practical measure, and it is the only measure which is near enough to the stage of final passage to be now considered.

Let Congress bear this in mind: A war is likely to follow the ratification of the treaty. It ought to be carried on with vigor and with a large force. To that end the passage of the army bill is absolutely necessary. If it is not enacted into law, we may have a long wasting war against the savages, but primarily against tropical diseases, and such a war will sweep Mr. McKINLEY and the Republican party out of power.

THE Church Temperance Society is about to realize its opportunity, we hope, in the establishment of a Squirrel Inn in the Bowery, where there will be the comforts of a club and the refreshment afforded by a restaurant, all without the accompaniment of liquor-selling. We admit that such inns are not likely to reclaim many drunkards. But is there any extraneous power that will reclaim many drunkards? We do believe, however, that Squirrel Inns will prevent drunkenness by keeping youth without inherited appetite away from temptation. We hope, therefore, that the Squirrel Inn will have that immediate success which will encourage Bishop POTTER and his associates, and we think that their experiment will be all the surer of its reward if they see to it that the joys of the inn are not too drab. It is not always a short road up to the intellectual joys of backgammon, and therefore backgammon kind of joy is not a good one for a sole dependence at a new Squirrel Inn.

THE House of Representatives is not likely to have an opportunity to vote on the Senate Nicaragua Canal bill, the HEPBURN bill having been substituted for it in committee. This bill provides for government ownership, which, we think, is unnecessary and therefore impolitic, and is somewhat of a curiosity in other respects. It provides for the purchase by the United States from Costa Rica and Nicaragua of sufficient territory to "excavate, construct, and defend a canal." As Nicaragua, at least, has declared that she will not surrender sovereignty over any part of her territory for the purposes of a canal, it must be assumed that the House committee intends that this country should become subject to Nicaraguan laws, and that, for the purposes of a canal, we are to wield a sort of secondary jurisdiction over our own property, all of our regulations and defences of the canal being subject to the laws and discretion of at least one Central American power.

In the second place, the proposed bill suggests that the government shall join with Nicaragua in extinguishing, without compensation, the rights and properties of its own citizens.

Our treaty with Great Britain, as well as ordinary modern enlightenment, demands that such a canal should be neutral. Apparently the House committee intends that this territory, which is presumably to be subject to the laws of Nicaragua, shall be part of the defensible territory of the United States. Besides the backward character of this proposition, it is practically absurd. Any distant territory is a strategical weakness, and a canal most of all, for the destruction of ten feet of it would destroy the whole. Thus we are, it is suggested, to assume the defence of a property under foreign jurisdiction, approachable through foreign territory, which can be destroyed by one man with a stick of dynamite.

Moreover, the sum appropriated for all purposes is not enough for construction alone.

THE heroes of the republic live long in the memories of their fellow-citizens, but the politicians at Washington forget them readily. Admiral JOHN L. WORDEN, on March 9, 1862, won what ought to have been the undying affection of the country. He had volunteered to command the *Monitor*, he and his fellow-officers believing that the chances were that the iron cheese-box would never reach Hampton Roads. Instead of going to the bottom, however, WORDEN crippled the *Merrimac*, and saved our navy and the Atlantic seaboard from a disaster which, in view of the state of our relations with European powers, might have been overwhelming to the North, bringing a final triumph to the South. WORDEN was painfully wounded in the face and eyes by particles of powder and iron. He was brought to Washington, and was carried to a house on H Street, where a most affecting scene took place. Mr. LINCOLN was there to meet the suffering hero, and an eye-witness has described the tenderness and grief of the good President as he thanked the young officer for himself and in the name of the country for the splendid and important achievement. For thirty-five years WORDEN lived in daily pain, and when Congress at last gave some generous pensions to the widows of officers who had not rendered a tenth part of his service, he said that he was willing to die, now that he believed that Congress would provide generously for his wife, an old lady, with only a few more years to live. WORDEN died October 18, 1897, but his widow is still unprovided for. On June 9, 1898, the Senate passed a bill granting her a pension of $100 a month. The House Committee on Invalid Pensions has reduced this to $50. Mr. RAY, speaking for this committee, and for all who never stop to think of the cost of a general pension bill, says,

> So long as the old, poor, and needy widows of privates draw only $12 per month, your committee are of the opinion that $50 per month in a case like this is all that justice or a sound public policy demands.

Which, being interpreted, means that there are more votes in many small pensions, a large number of which are undeserved, than in one just pension for a great hero's widow. LINCOLN would never have forgotten. RAY does forget. Perhaps, if he persists in his unpatriotic parsimony, the country will remember him and his committee.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

LAST week was a notable week for the New York *Sun*. It scored two beats. On Sunday, February 5, it announced, briefly, the news of the battle of the previous day at Manila. So far as is known, no other newspaper had this news on that day, except such as got it from the *Sun*.

On Tuesday, February 7, it published the names of twenty-nine traitors, members of the Senate, whose names, it said, belonged in the same infamous category with that of Benedict Arnold, and "will be a hissing and a byword among Americans from this time forth." This was a beat also. So far as appears, no other newspaper had this news as early as the *Sun*, or has had it since.

The title of the twenty-nine to rank with Benedict Arnold rests on the fact that they voted against the ratification of the treaty of Paris. Equally deserving of the same distinction are twenty-four American citizens, who petitioned the Senate not to ratify the treaty until it was so amended as to provide against the forcible annexation of Puerto Rico and the Philippines. This list includes the names of Grover Cleveland, Henry C. Potter, Charles W. Eliot, Andrew Carnegie, Henry Van Dyke, John G. Carlisle, and others of corresponding character and note.

Benedict Arnold, during the last sorrowful years of his disastrous life, was not a social favorite even in England, and had to put up with bad company or none. We may hope in all charity that his shade, wherever it loiters, is in a position to find solace in the *Sun's* assurance that the name it once bore has at last found its way back again into good society.

BUFFALO has been to Washington and laid its fair before a committee of Congress. It has been rumored that an appropriation of $500,000 for a government exhibit is all Buffalo expects from Uncle Sam. The fair has been capitalized at $2,500,000, in ten-dollar shares, about half of which have been subscribed for already by the Buffalo folks themselves. At last accounts there were important fiscal reservoirs still untapped, and money continued to come in in a satisfactory stream.

It is not quite clear what put it into Buffalo's head to have a twenty-five-hundred-thousand-dollar fair. It will be a great advertisement for the town, but, after all, the Buffalo people like their city and don't care to sell it. If they had subscribed a million dollars towards a fair to be held in Rochester, one could understand it, because they could go down to Rochester and have fun, and still have Buffalo to fall back on when they got tired. But why should they put up money to have their own home turned upside down, swarmed over, trampled upon, strewed with pop-corn, drenched with beer, slept in, eaten on, and generally maltreated and bedeviled? What has started Buffalo up to go into the show business? Was she lonely? Was she jealous? Was she poor? Why such uneasiness! How tired Buffalo must be of Buffalo, that it should spend so much money to attract new faces!

Well, the pan-American fair is epidemic among cities nowadays, and if Buffalo has a sharp attack and recovers she may be all the better for it in the end. If she has a fair we will all go and sit at her bedside and wish her well out of it. It will be fun for us, anyway. It is a pity, though, that the bacillus of these things can't be spotted and dealt with; prevention is so much cheaper than cure.

TO the habitual reader who writes to inquire whether Bishop Potter's picture has yet become a favorite decoration for New York saloons, it is necessary to reply that it has not. Saloon drinking in New York, as in other American cities, continues to be done chiefly under the auspices of Admiral George Dewey, of Manila, the great diffusion of whose portrait in our grog-shops has raised appreciably the tone of bar-room art. The field of bar-room art certainly needed amelioration, and there is no doubt that it would be still further benefited if Bishop Potter's picture were as frequent in our saloons as Admiral Dewey's. Both bishop and admiral are handsome men, and both take good and decorative pictures, especially the bishop. But the chances that the bishop's picture will hang beside the admiral's in the saloons are remote. It does not appear that the rumsellers share the delusion that has affected so many minds as to the bishop's attitude towards rumshops. A successful saloon-keeper is bound to have some sense, and folks with just a little sense are usually able to discern that the bishop is not in favor of the liquor-saloons, but opposed to them.

THE Boston papers lately had some huge advertisements of the Lawson pink, which included a long letter in which Mr. Lawson told how he came to buy it. The pathos of the situation touched him. Here was a pink typical of Boston—

> with its tint of pink found nowhere but on the cheeks of the Boston maidens—cheeks which are nipped in the morning by the crispy breezes from off the Berkshire hills; that are petted and caressed during the day by the salty zephyrs from the Cape; that are laid away at early night in that peaceful, imperturbed security of healthy confidence possessed by none but Bostonians—with its proud sturdy stem that reminds one of the lithe Indian who roved the hills and valleys of the Connecticut; with its broad petals and big generous fulness like the white-aproned, full-fronted, Saturday-doughnut-frying mother of the Cape.

Mr. Lawson couldn't bear to think of this modest bean-fed flower being dug out and hustled off to New York or Chicago, so he bought it. Now the normal man has reasserted itself, and he insists that as a means of money-making the flower and the advertising that came with it were cheap at the price paid.

THE National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which, as recently stated in the WEEKLY, has interested itself in erecting, in Paris, Mr. French's equestrian statue of Washington, has also undertaken to aid in adorning the French capital with an imposing monument to Lafayette. It is raising funds, for this purpose, to be turned over to the Lafayette Memorial Commission, and receives subscriptions through the chairman of its Franco-American Memorial Committee, Mrs. Robert S. Hatcher, of Washington.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, of the Brick Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue in New York, has declined the professorship of literature in Johns Hopkins University, and, for the present at least, will stick to his church. He has not reached this conclusion without much effort and some assistance. The professorship, with increased leisure for thinking and writing, had such attraction for him that, on January 27, he asked the session and congregation of the Brick Church to join him in asking the Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relations between them. The "heavy administrative work of a pastor of a large city church" was what pressed hardest on him, and was that from which he especially wished to be released. But the session and congregation had no mind to lose their pastor. They declined respectfully but resolutely to join in his request to the Presbytery, but agreed to do their best to lighten his administrative work. So Dr. Van Dyke acquiesced in their decision, and Johns Hopkins must advertise again for a professor.

It is stated, with some appearance of authority, that only the obvious inadequacy of the supply of Dr. Van Dyke to meet the demand has prevented Yale's Emily Sanford professorship of literature from being offered to him. It has also been rumored that he was needed at Amherst College. Amherst, however, if she feels justified in luring a successful clergyman away from his church to be her president, would have a better claim upon a graduate of her own, such as Dr. Donald, of Trinity Church in Boston.

THE friends of Dreyfus have been despondent of late, but they have some encouragement in the refusal of the Parliamentary Committee, on February 6, by a vote of 9 to 2, to support the government bill to take the case away from the Criminal Section of the Court of Cassation and have it tried before the whole court. It is reported, too, that a vessel has been sent to bring Dreyfus back to France, but reports of that nature require a deal of confirmation. One thing that is said to prejudice Dreyfus's chances of getting justice is the disreputable character of a minority of his adherents, and the distrust inspired by their attacks on institutions that the best class of Frenchmen esteem.

THERE has been so much talk about the missionary interests being favorable to the annexation of the Philippines, and our devout fellow-townsman, Mr. Richard Croker, has made so much of the Christianizing possibilities of annexation, that it seems worth noting what Dr. Barton, the Foreign Secretary of the American Board for Foreign Missions, has to say on that subject. In a letter to the Boston *Herald* he testifies that he does not know of one of the missionaries of the Board with which he is connected who is in favor of an imperialistic policy, but, on the contrary, has constantly heard the officers and missionaries of the Board regret that such a policy seemed likely to prevail. Heretofore, Dr. Barton says, it has been a great advantage to American missionaries that their work has been felt to be wholly disinterested, and not associated with colonization schemes, nor hampered by any suspicion of the heathen that Uncle Sam had ulterior designs on their liberties or their lands.

LIEUTENANT STEELE of the Eighth Cavalry writes from St. Paul to ask the readers of the WEEKLY to send light literature to our soldiers in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. One who has not spent a few weeks in a dull hot camp can hardly conceive, says Lieutenant Steele, how ravenously anything printed is devoured by the soldiers. A paper-back novel, or a magazine, or an illustrated paper, no matter how old, is passed from one to another until it is literally read to pieces. Trash and current literature is better, it seems, for military uses in the tropics than more substantial reading. Any book or paper, addressed to the commanding officer or the adjutant of a regiment with "For the regiment" added on the wrapper, will make the rounds of the camp and be read and enjoyed as long as there is a page or a picture of it left. Thus, Lieutenant Steele says, "a book addressed 'To the Adjutant of the Eighth U. S. Cavalry, Puerto Principe, Cuba; For the Regiment,' will be read by scores of officers and enlisted men of the Eighth Cavalry in their hot and dreary camp; and every man will add a postscript to his prayers for the sender."

THE means in use at present for making American travellers sorry that they ever left home seem to be fairly effectual, though they might perhaps be simplified to the general advantage. The form of punishment lately invented by Assistant-Secretary-of-the-Treasury Howell, at the instigation of the Merchants and Manufacturers Board of Trade, consists of a new and searching inquisition into the returning traveller's effects, which delays him a long time on the dock, causes all the intimate apparel of himself and his family to be exhibited to the public, and sends him off full of wailings and bitterness. Before the traveller reaches the dock, he makes a declaration which must include every article he purchased while abroad. This declaration, under the new ruling, must be verified in detail by the inspector, who must satisfy himself that it is comprehensive, truthful, and exact. If he has misgivings that the value of any article has been incorrectly set down, he must call an appraiser and have it appraised. Passengers who get past the inquisitors without being caught in perjury or smuggling may go. As a measure for increasing the revenue, this way of bothering travellers is of small importance. As a means of punishing Americans for going abroad it works better, though a moderate fine on every home-coming traveller would be less expensive to collect. The persons interested in having travellers subjected to these unnecessary annoyances are the members of the Merchants and Manufacturers Board of Trade aforesaid, whereof Mr. Shayne, the furrier, is president. The list of its other officers includes three Fifth Avenue tailors, a haberdasher, a shoe-dealer, a dressmaker, and an auctioneer. If you buy of these dealers and stay at home, you need never have any trouble with the people from the Custom House.

IT has been matter of observation these many years that the ocean could do any amount of work if only a harness could be devised that it would work in. The tides rise and fall, but it is only in rare cases that tide-water turns a wheel. The waves are never at rest, and motion is force, but the motion of the waves is rarely put to harder work than blowing a horn or ringing a bell on a buoy. At this time, when the state of business favors all sorts of new industrial ventures, it is interesting to notice the appearance of two schemes for making the ocean furnish power for use ashore. One is an invention patented on January 31, which aspires to turn the tides to account as a power for driving water-wheels, running electric motors, and making compressed air. It calls for an inlet or pond which the tide shall fill, and in which the water shall be retained by a dam. A big float, with a series of reservoirs on it, supported by a frame-work, is part of its apparatus, and the general idea is to fill the floating reservoirs from the pond at low tide, and get power as long as the tide continues to ebb from the waters thus stored.

The other scheme for the utilization of wave-motion provides for a collection of buoys anchored off shore, which are to compress air which is to be stored in a reservoir and used to run engines. Some large buoys are making now for use in testing this plan, and it is announced that the device is to have an elaborate trial next summer on the south shore of Long Island.

Both of these schemes are said to have enough capital behind them to make a thorough test of their possibilities.

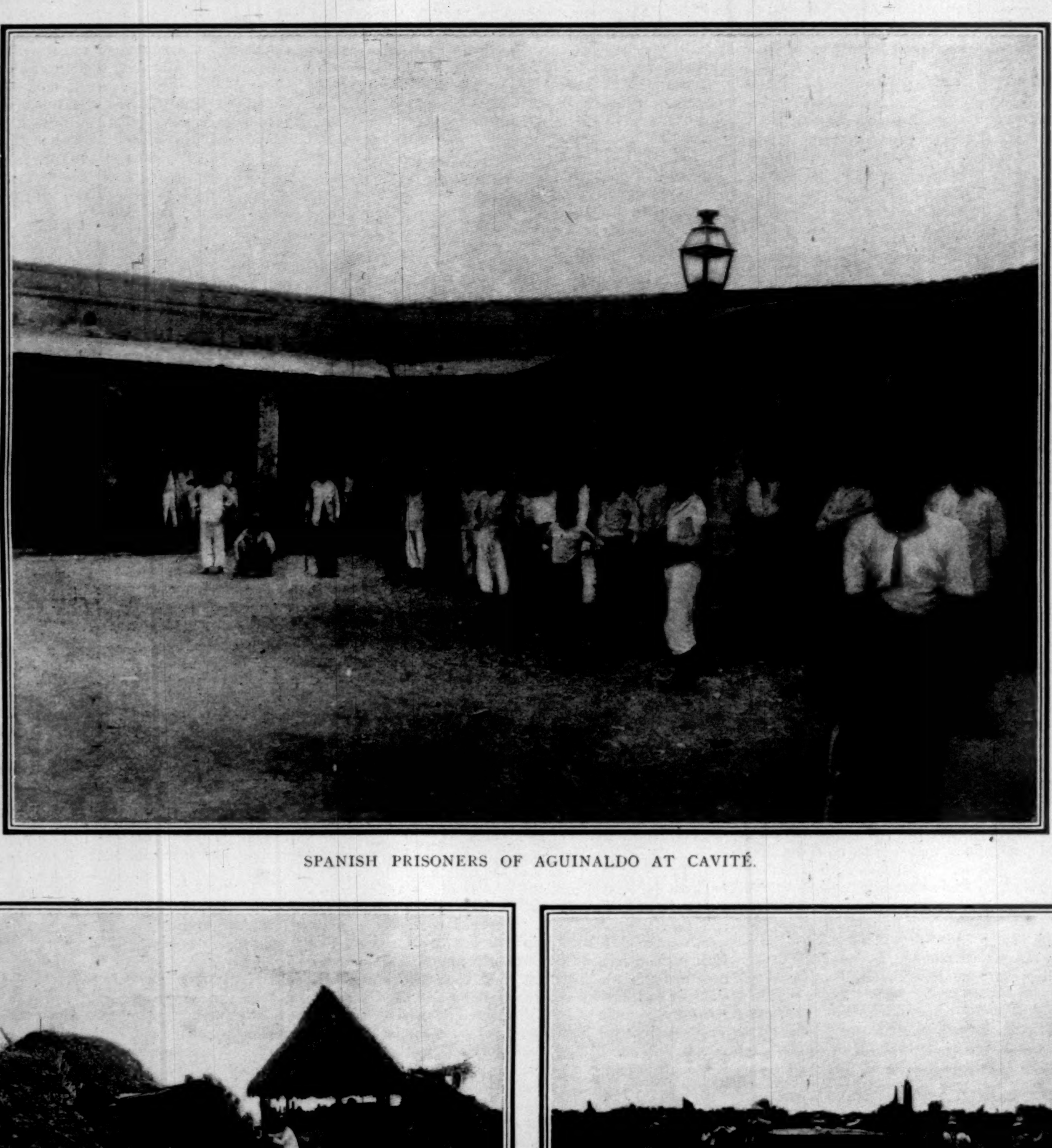
GENERAL EAGAN being found guilty by court martial of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and sentenced to be dismissed from the army, the President has commuted his sentence to suspension from rank and duty for six years. During those years he will continue to draw a brigadier-general's pay, less certain allowances made to officers on active duty; but he will have no work, and may not wear a uniform. During this period the work that properly falls to the commissary-general will be done by the officer next in rank, for the place itself not being vacated by suspension cannot be filled, nor may the officer who does the work of it receive the pay that the work deserves. These are among the minor inconveniences of the commutation of General Eagan's sentence. If the sentence as commuted is fully carried out, General Eagan has probably done his last day's work as a soldier. The period of suspension will carry him very close to, or past, the age of compulsory retirement. His punishment will be criticised as being far too light, and it will be held that being obviously unfit to be in the army he should have been put out of it. If, however, General Eagan is as sensitive to censure as the fury of his attack on General Miles would indicate, his punishment, so far as he is concerned, may be ample, for it ends his career in disgrace.

THE State of Massachusetts, which has been devoting large sums annually for several years to the extermination of the gypsy-moth, has come to have very serious doubts whether the moth can be exterminated, except by act of Providence. When bugs of any sort are left to their own devices, and multiply excessively in the land to the detriment of other creatures, relief usually comes in the form of some parasite, which kills off the bugs just as the bugs seem on the point of owning everything. In Massachusetts the gypsy-moths seems to be kept down so that they don't breed parasites, but not so successfully but that they spread, and make the land-owners nervous. How long it will pay to spend several hundred thousand dollars a year in fighting a bug that thrives on suppression is a question that gives the Bay State Legislator good opportunities to pause. There is a commission which has the spending of the gypsy-moth money in Massachusetts, and the irreverent express their conviction that the moth will last as long as the commission does.

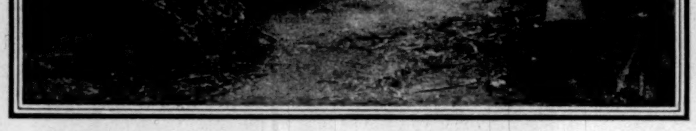
Somehow there seems a good deal of miscellaneous analogy between this job of exterminating the gypsy-moth in Massachusetts and the job of exterminating misrule in the Philippines. There is a considerable chance in either case that there will be extermination to do just as long as there continue to be annual appropriations to do it with, and possibly in both cases it will finally be necessary to let Nature take her course, and develop a parasite.

INSURGENT FORT AT NIEYPAJO.

INSURGENTS MOUNTING TWO 10-INCH GUNS NEAR MALATE.



SPANISH PRISONERS OF AGUINALDO AT CAVITÉ.

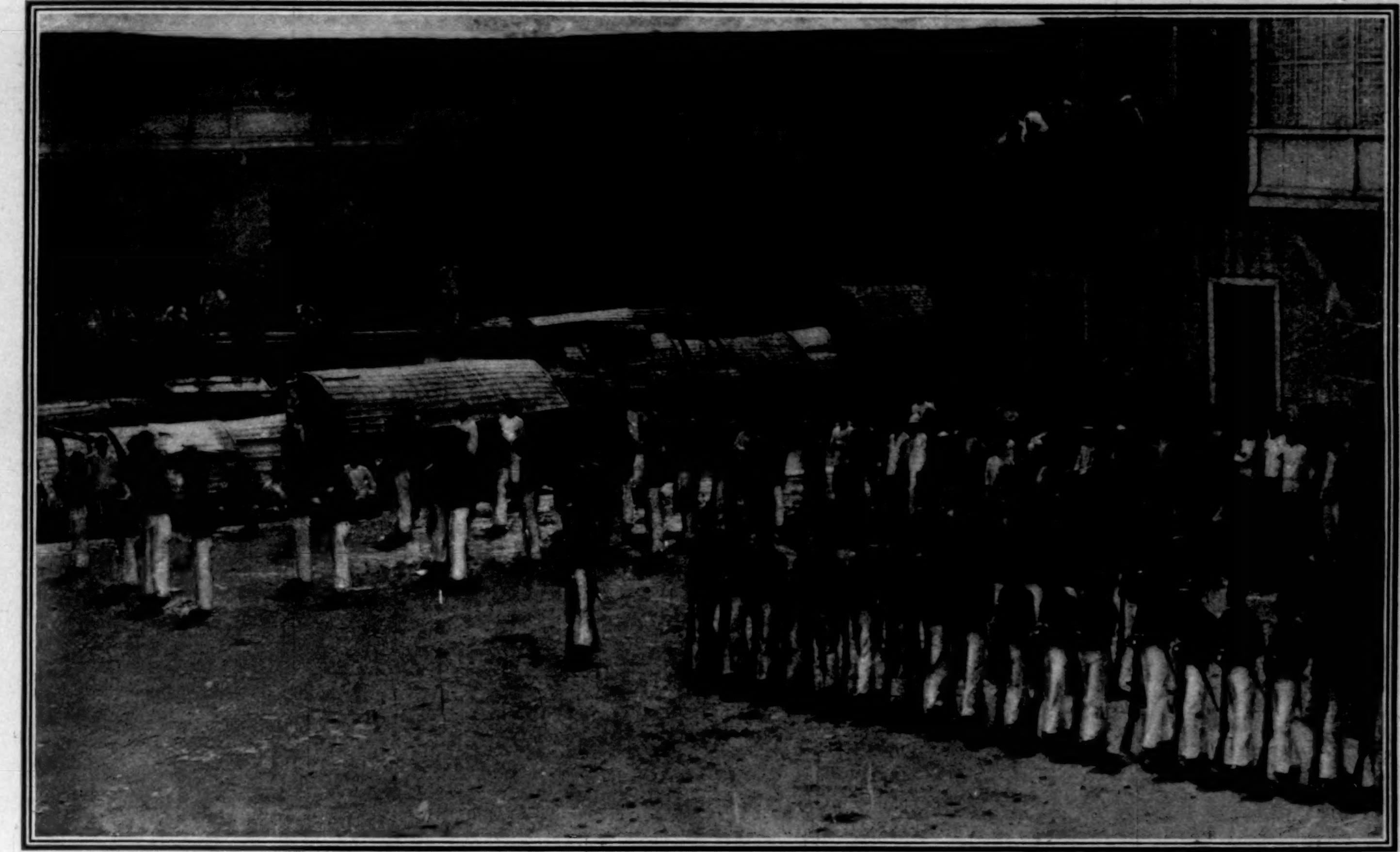


AN INSURGENT OUTPOST IN NIEYPAJO.

INSURGENT BLOCK-HOUSE CAPTURED FROM THE SPANISH—SAN JUAN DE MALATE.

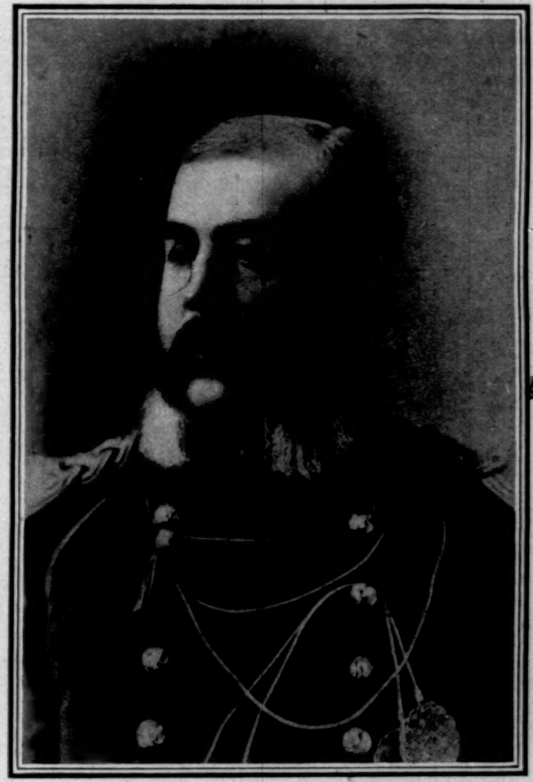
MANILA—THE SCENE OF THE RECENT REPULSE OF THE FILIPINOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM JOHN F. BASS AND O. K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

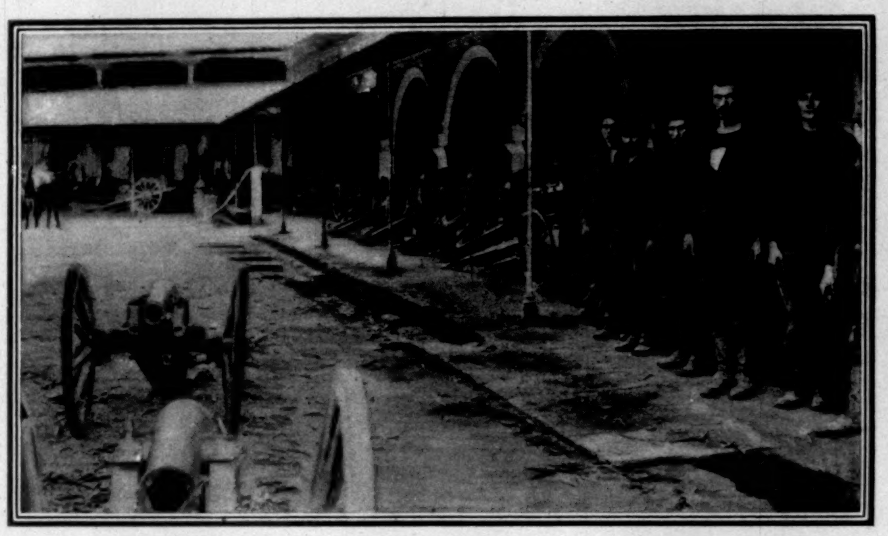


THE 1st NEBRASKA VOLUNTEERS NEAR THEIR QUARTERS IN BINONDO—"RETREAT."

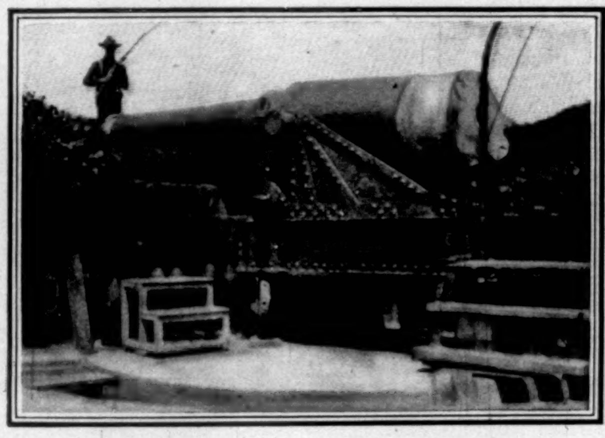
DRILLING AMERICAN TROOPS AT CAMP DEWEY.



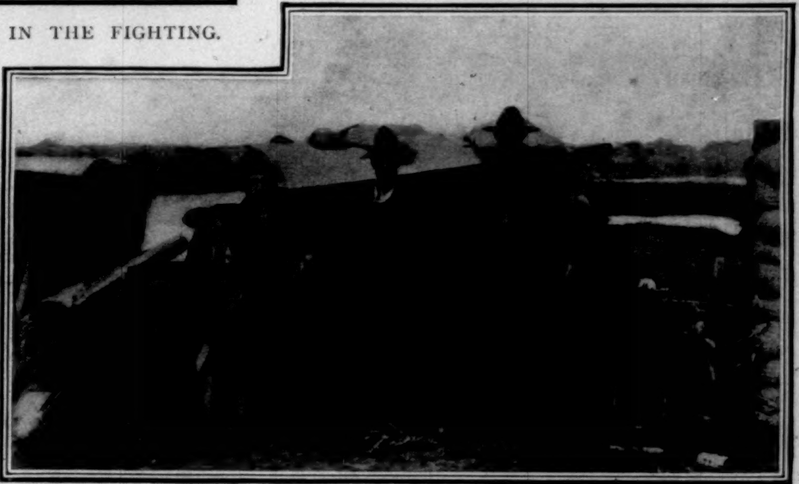
MAJOR-GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, U. S. V.



THE UTAH BATTERY, WHICH DISTINGUISHED ITSELF IN THE FIGHTING.



GUARDING A CAPTURED SPANISH GUN.



COLORADO BOYS IN FORT SAN ANTONIO ABAD, MALATE.

MANILA—THE SCENE OF THE RECENT REPULSE OF THE FILIPINOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM JOHN F. BASS AND O. K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

MUSIC

WAGNERIAN AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

"I am the Spirit that Denies."—*Goethe's Faust.*

FIVE weeks more—no inconsiderable fraction of the longest season of opera ever official to the Metropolitan—have yet to take their course. The second Cyclus of Wagner's four Nibelungen Ring Dramas, offered consecutively, unabridged and unexpurgated, and for afternoon audiences, began on Tuesday of last week; to be concluded the day before yesterday. Sundry interruptions, caused by illnesses or diplomatic reasons, have disturbed the adjustment of the regular evening performances. But the sacramental Ring (at least up to the time when I write these lines) has outwardly been spared battle, murder, and sudden death—the battles of rival *Brünnhildes*, the murders by anti-Wagnerians wrought up to the fellest pitch of distraction and destruction, and the sudden death of the Nibelungen bacillus. For doubtless there is such a bacillus, exactly as there is one for the influenza, one for the epidemic of running amuck. A fumigation of the Metropolitan may yet be the pious and timely demand of a Board of Musical Health—when Greater New York possesses one. *Ça viendra.* A word as to the obsequious surrender of the Opera House to Wagner, and especially of the Tetralogy's appeal to the vast provincial and suburban audiences who make much of him, even to finding the Nibelungen Ring not only a new thing but their daily bread; they have not time for much eating of another sort. I think that Mr. Grau could have improved much on his Nibelungen time-table. For that matter, he could have bettered the scheme of Baireuth itself. The recent arrangement, closely considered, is extremely loose and inconsecutive. The proper manner of giving the Tetralogy is to make an all-day, clean-sweep, absolutely consecutive arrangement of the four dramas. Let "Das Rheingold" begin at four o'clock, sharp, in the morning. What is a warm bed to a warm æsthetic sentiment? The "Rheingold" will end at seven o'clock. An hour for a little breakfast comes, and then be "Die Walküre" sung, from eight till noon. A brisk luncheon will prepare us to enjoy "Siegfried," beginning at twelve-thirty and ending at six. "The Dusk of the Gods" then shall begin to gloom at seven, and end at twelve o'clock midnight. A well-spent day! In fact, let us race our daily Cyclus, for a week or so, riding post through Wagner with relays of artists. Doubtless the Wagneristic will find it better than a thousand years of Gluck, of Mozart, of Beethoven, of Wehr, of Verdi, of Boito—of anybody save and except Wagner. If we do things well, let us do them as well as possible.

MARIE BREMA, DRAMATIC SOPRANO.
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The "Ring des Nibelungs."

The Tetralogy has enlisted in its afternoon Cycle the same magnificent artistic personnel collaborating in the evening sequence. Never on any stage—and I write with a long and a wide personal overlook—have higher vocal gifts and a fuller dramatic eloquence expounded the majesty and musical beauty in the four dramas. Never have so many stars of drama in operatic form made us first endure, then pity, then even embrace, many episodes that never can be resolved into musical majesty or dramatic dignity. The least successful representation has been "Die Götterdämmerung." Mr. Jean de Reszke is amazingly unsatisfactory as the mature *Siegfried*, considering the heroic authoritativeness of his *Tristan*, which last is a creation of the same impressive stature as Madame Lehmann's towering *Isolde*. The spectacularity of "Die Götterdämmerung," admirable during the earlier scenes, goes to pieces in a shameful way when the last tableaux occur. That is true, fully allowing for Wagnerian demands that cannot be granted. There are small stages in Europe that would scorn the clumsiness of such a card-board and papier-maché winding up as Mr. Grau sanctions here, with *Siegfried's* body grilling on a structure suggesting a gas-stove or a spring bed from a bargain-store. Of the *Brünnhildes*—there have been three—without making odious comparisons, the assumption of the rôle by Madame Marie Brema has been of a kind to place this superior Wagneriste in the first rank of her associates. Madame Brema is a *Brünnhilde* at once womanly and semi-deific. There is a strange and beautiful fusion of psychologic elements in this rôle. It makes an appeal almost as moving as that which meets us in the instances of *Elsa* and *Elizabeth* and *Kundry*—when dominated by *Klingsor* or kneeling before *Parsifal*. In it, too, is a marvellous fusion of sincere musical expressiveness. Madame Brema conveys to us this double quality—not so much merely as a graduate of Baireuth, as by her own temperament, voice, and intellect.

The Three Great Clans of Wagnerists.

"How many kinds of Wagnerists are there?" Let us hearken to the voice of the catechist, even to answering it. There are three kinds of Wagnerists. The first class—fortunately, for art's credit, no longer a large class—consists of people merely auditors in music, who can see nothing beautiful or lofty or appealing, in any way, in Wagner's scores; from "Die Feen" to "Parsifal." The musical horizon of this genus is bounded by "Il Trovatore" or "Faust" or "Der Trompeter von Sakkingen." To it the pages of "Lohengrin" or "Parsifal" say nothing so potent. And to this class let us add a sub-species, a few actual composers of mark, such as were Rubinstein and Brahms, who, as a matter of their serious professional convictions and temperaments, stood aloof from Wagner as a musician. Add, too, a certain small group of blind critics. Then comes the second clan of Wagnerists—the Conservatives. These honor Wagner as an amazing genius, practically unique in the history of the lyric drama, as a nature uniting rare æsthetic sensibilities, as a mind that in dramatic and musical inventiveness over and over again was consummately lofty and true, as a musician who, at his best, and even when rather less inspired than that, is one of the grand voices of opera since opera began. But this same sort of Wagnerists believe also that Wagner was by no means altogether noble or great or beautiful either as a musician or a librettist; that he frequently lost all sense of the very elements of æsthetics, of musical purity, and of real dramatic power; that he wrote too much under the afflatus of the Teutonic Muse for a permanent appeal to the world of music at large; that he disregarded certain principles in his art that never should be dismissed; and that he and musical truth together suffer much from his mistakes and from the hydrophobic enthusiasm of his indiscriminating followers. So much for the second kind of Wagner clan. Of it the writer of these lines humbly begs to subscribe himself, here and now, to avoid mistakes and opprobrium undeserved. Last of all come the Wagnerist-radicals, those who believe that no composer as gifted or as expressive in music ever lived; that no operas ever have been written so beautiful and powerful as Wagner's operas and music-dramas; that Wagner never—or "well, hardly ever"—made mistakes in his theories or practice; that where Wagner begins, all art before him ended, and is of no special account; that the great and interesting musicians of all the ages are great and interesting only where they are *quasi* Wagnerian; and, in short, that the world of music were well lost, buried in a general cataclysm, since Richard Wagner has lived and written and can be heard! This last class, by a singular coincidence, includes a large contingent of distinctly unmusical people; and it is convinced that Wagner's music will be the music of the future for ever and ever, amen!

"H. M. S. Pinafore"; "La Belle Hélène"(?); "The Three Dragoons."

In offset to the Cimmerian subleties of the Nibelungen Tetralogy, one can hear three trifles. That is to say, they are trivial, under comparison. At the American Theatre has been brought forward "H. M. S. Pinafore." At the Casino is presented "La Belle Hélène"—what is declared to be an English version. Last, the sixth or seventh new American comic opera of the winter holds the stage of the Broadway Theatre, to wit, "The Three Dragoons," with a text by Mr. Harry B. De Koven and the music by Mr. Reginald Smith—I should say with the text by Mr. Smith and the music by Mr. De Koven. These merry and industrious collaborators are now in such a perfected state of industrial fusion that one mixes them up; a case of "Cæsar and Pompey berry much 'like—'specially Pompey." The "Pinafore" production by the Castle Square Company acquits itself well, rather unexpectedly, in duty toward Mr. Gilbert's characters and text, as well as in singing the Sullivan score. Mr. Frank Moulan as *Sir Joseph Porter* brings hints of the true English Savoy tradition to his part, and only once or twice spoils his effort by Americanisms in his stage business, and by the "gag" that never is gagged at the American. The *Dick Deadeye* of Mr. Norman, the *Bobstay* of Mr. Butler, Mr. Clinton Elder as *Ralph*, Miss Morgan as *Josephine*, and Miss MacNichol's *Little Buttercup* all deserve kind words. Mr. Stewart as *Captain Corcoran* is the "strong weakness" of the performance, inasmuch as Mr. Stewart appears to have no ideas whatsoever of the real humor of his part, in its business or its lines.

MME. LILLI LEHMANN AS *ISOLDE*.
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At the Casino performance there is much more the effect of "adaptation" than of the brilliant satire of the Bouffes-Parisiens. The adaptation is of a base alloy to make "La Belle Hélène" not so much Offenbach as offence. "The Three Dragoons," a little farther up the street, is at least an honest, cheerful, and lively piece of humor and music. Its situations, lyrics, and dialogue stand for a libretto of cheaper manufacture than what Mr. Smith turned over to the composer of "The Little Corporal." That is obvious. But folk not expecting to be hanged in the gray dawn should not be proof against laughter at a fusillade of sallies of the comic-almanac kind. There is a capital topical song, "For the King Can Do No Wrong," well sung by Mr. Jerome Sykes. Mr. De Koven has fitted to the book a score that, wisely, is written throughout with a fulness of effect and a warmth of color to make his auditors careless of the fact that the musician's melodies and rhythms here are neither new nor salient. The three acts are neither dull nor ineffective; there are four or five taking lyrical numbers. Altogether "The Three Dragoons" need not blush at all to be fairly extant and remunerative. The piece is thoroughly well sung. Miss Marguerite Lemon, a young Southern singer, as *Donna Inez*, is a valuable member of the cast as to her clever acting, her singing, and her magnetic stage presence.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

"THE BEST LIGHT-OPERA CHORUS IN THE WORLD."
Sopranos and Contraltos of the Castle Square Opera Company.
Photograph by Hall.

DRAMA

Sidney Booth. James A. Herne.

DAVENPORT'S RETURN TO HIS VIRGINIA HOME.

From "The Rev. Griffith Davenport," as played by James A. Herne at the Herald Square Theatre, New York.

The Better Horse.

THE English production of Blumenthal and Kadelburg's "Im Weissen Röss'l"—"At the White Horse Tavern"—at Wallack's Theatre has been tricked out with everything that can charm the eye. At the German theatre on Irving Place Herr Direktor Conried's setting fell short in places of the refinement one has become used to on Broadway. To be sure, the Alpine lake shimmered electrically in time with the song on the zither, the steamer tooted courageously, and the sunrise effect in the second act brought the blush to the virgin snows of the Alp on the back drop; but somehow the effects, in spite of a bold and lovable attempt to be fresh and surprising, struck one as antediluvian. The only thing that wasn't antediluvian was the thunder-shower that drenched Herr Giesecke and his respectable family at the end of the first act—that was certainly diluvian. The Frohman lake sparkles only with the pure rays of the sun, the mountains are the very mountains one might have seen last summer in the Salzkammergut, with the line of Swiss stone dwellings fringing the border of the lake at their feet, and the thunder-shower discreetly avoids the English Herr Giesecke and his women folk, and spends its energies in pouring from the gutter spouts on the eaves of the inn. Though the scene was unvaried throughout the play, one left the theatre with a pleasant hunger for more of it.

A Good-natured Farce.

The translation, of course, presents the same wholesome farce we saw at the German theatre, and its virtue of wholesomeness is so great that it seemed to be better for the repetition—or was it because, as some worthy citizen has remarked, these foreign things lose so much in the original? Certainly nothing could be more limpid than its stiller moments, or more radiantly cheerful than the babbling of its shallows. It is quite plain why the young attorney Siedler returned to the White Horse year after year, to the neglect of all other resorts; and though the Berlin manufacturer of lamps worried and grumbled at the Tirolean weather and at Tirolean inns, it seems such a comfort to him to grumble that no doubt he also will come back year after year. Even the Swiss beggar lived on fried chicken Im Weissen Röss'l! From curtain to curtain there wasn't a single deceived wife, ridiculous parent-in-law, or wicked old man, and there were many passages that with a little persuasion one could regard as legitimate comedy. The love-affairs of the hostess, slightly as they are sketched, somehow get one by the throat and bring tears to the eyes. To expect a play to bring one back into sympathy with the simple things of life, such as youth and fun and love, is very old-fashioned, not to say stupid. But it is also stupid of the manufacturers of excessively clever farces not to have found out that most of us, in spite of ourselves, are stupid; and here's hoping it will also become old-fashioned of them! This radiant German farce is the best play of its kind this season, and it is likely to stay with us long after the wickedest and cleverest French adaptations have folded their scenery and stolen away on the road.

MARGUERITE LEMON, SOPRANO.

Singing in "The Three Dragoons."

German and American Acting.

The acting of the play presents very concretely a comparison that has often suggested itself more or less distinctly. From time to time amateurs of the stage who have happened into the Bowery have come back with glowing reports of the foreign actors there. Signor Antonio Majori, the sad story of whose Teatro Italiano was given a year ago in these columns, has shown what genuine quality is to be found even in a popular and provincial Italian production of "Otello"; and his partner, P. Raponi, has given us a taste of the vigorous art of a popular Neapolitan comedian. The Yiddish theatres, that still flourish, have many good actors of all sorts, the best of whom, Herr Adler, is an actor of real breadth and distinction. The German theatre, which has left the Bowery for Irving Place, has succeeded so well that its director, Herr Conried, has received a decoration from the old country, and has become the acknowledged ally of the department of foreign languages at Columbia University. How do the Frohman actors in "The White Horse" compare with the actors that presented it at the Irving Place Theatre? It must be remembered in their favor that they are impersonating people of an alien race. The most enthusiastic champion of foreign acting, I take it, must admit that they have done exceedingly well. As the *Hostess* of the White Horse, Miss Amelia Bingham has great vivacity and charm; as the *Beggar*, Mr. Dore Davidson has his own touch of passive humor; and as the young attorney-at-law, Mr. Joseph Holland gives a performance that could hardly be bettered. Mr. Leo Dietrichstein's very excellent *Sutro* scarcely counts, because Mr. Dietrichstein came into the broader and more lucrative world of Broadway from this very company of Herr Conried's. The other performers are all adequate to a play in which any false touch would be a blemish. But this is not all the praise one could wish. Many of the impersonations, including Mr. Harry Harwood's excellent *Giesecke*, have the appearance of being very carefully studied—as, indeed, it is natural enough they should be—from the performances of the members of Herr Conried's company; and, except in the case of Mr. Holland and perhaps one or two others, they lack in simplicity and breadth of manner what they have gained from the scenic excellence of the production. Mr. Felix Morriss's impersonation of the dear old tutor and ideal traveller, *Hinzelmann*, is all one would expect of him—what more can be said?—but it lacks something of the aged serenity and pathos that Herr Franz Kierschner, by no means a prominent member of the German company, infused into it. That the luxury of our stage does not make genuinely artistic productions is melancholy, but it is true. One may smile at the naïveté of Herr Conried's blushing Alp and at the childlike fun of the deluge that pours from his gas-pipe in the flies, but the simplicity of the acting of his company bespeaks sound art. He comes very honestly by his reputation of heading the most artistic company we have.

A Rare Bird Uncaged.

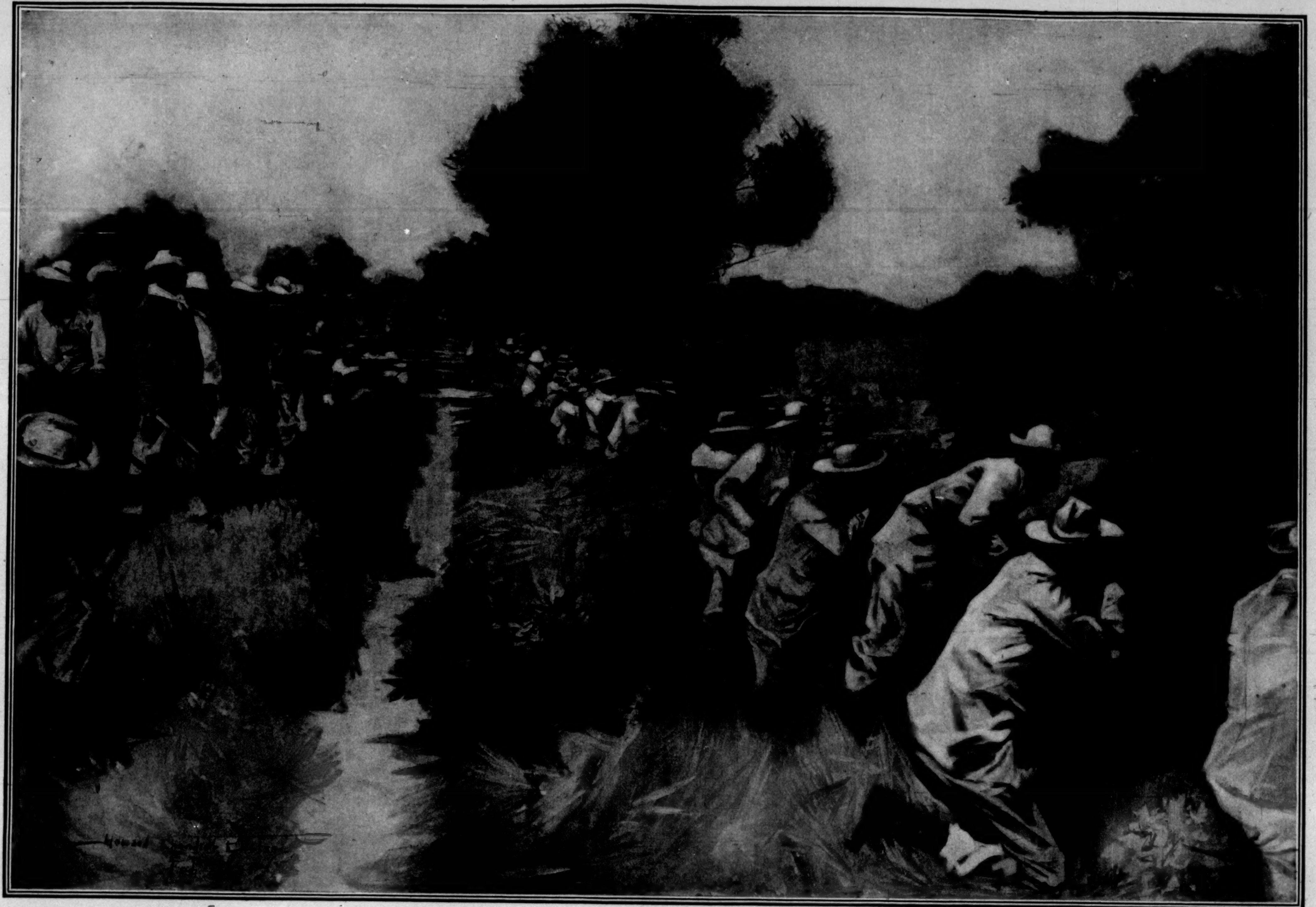
Miss Beatrice Herford, whose monologues have long been familiar to frequenters of drawing-rooms, has—happily, as I take it—come into the sphere of this department, by giving readings at Waldorf-Astoria breakfasts and at the Lyceum Theatre. True artists are such rare birds among us that it would be a pity to cage one even in the inclusive cage of metropolitan society. Miss Herford's monologues represent such subjects as a lady and her maid packing a trunk, a lady at an intelligence office engaging a cook, a seamstress who entertains her mistress with sociable chatter, and a woman with her husband buying a cloak. Perhaps the most familiar of them is that of a saleswoman behind a counter. All of the monologues are studied with a minuteness of discrimination that is truly wonderful; they fairly bristle with wit, and brief as they necessarily are, and limited in scope by the very fact of their being monologues, they have a truly literary deftness and accuracy of effect. The way in which the lady at the intelligence office alternately bulldozes and cringes before the prospective cook presents the sum and substance of the domestic problem. The seamstress sews with such conviction that we fairly see the needle and thread, though there is none; and when, in going, she binds on her supposititious veil, the outward thrust of her chin and the familiar but indescribable gesture of the tip of her nose bring convulsions to her audiences. The shopper and the saleswoman project one into the loathsome reality of a crowded and disordered department store; for the moment one lives in the atmosphere of sordid femininity. Technically, Miss Herford's monologues are as clever as Miss Cissy Loftus's imitations, and being studies from real life, they have the added virtue of being creations.

If the Hat Fits....

Such great virtues perhaps require to be defined. Varied as are Miss Herford's powers of expression, the quality of her voice and of her affectedly nasal twang is unvaried; and cleverly as the characters are discriminated, they have a striking family resemblance; under slightly varying fortunes the seamstress might have been the lady of the house, and the shop-girl the shopper. Even Miss Herford's cleverness cannot prevent a series of the monologues from being monotonous. What is more important, the quality of the people presented is not sympathetic. If it is possible for a woman to have a foible that is amiable, or in any way gracious, you would not suspect it. Few things could be more depressing than to spend an hour or two in the undivided company of Miss Herford's women folk. That, at least, is the way one man felt. It should be added that Miss Herford's hearers are almost exclusively women, and, after all, the cynics may be right who find that women look for less amiability and grace in their sex than men do. It may be significant, for instance, that the large hats in the audience were not taken off, as they certainly would have been if there had been the usual complement of men, and that nobody seemed surprised. If the hat fits—one very naturally puts it on. JOHN CORBIN.

BEATRICE HERFORD.

From the Monologue of "The Saleswoman." (To the *Little Girl Shopper*) "Take your first left and your second right, and you'll come to the ribbons."



MANILA—FILIPINOS IN ACTION—"FIRE AT WILL!"

Drawn by H. C. Christy after a Photograph of Insurgent Troops under Fire in the Trenches at Malate before the Spanish Evacuation.

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

FOR some minutes he was running through the darkness along a winding passage, and then he crossed some wide and open space and passed down a long incline, and came at last down a flight of steps to a level place. Many people were shouting: "They are coming. The guards are coming. They are firing. Get out of the fighting. The guards are firing. It will be safe in Seventh Way. Along here to Seventh Way!" There were women and children in the crowd as well as men. Men called names to him. The crowd converged on an archway, passed through a short throat, and emerged on a wider space again, lit dimly. The black figures about him spread out and ran up what seemed in the twilight to be a gigantic series of steps. He followed. The people dispersed to the right and left. He perceived that he was no longer in a crowd. He stopped near the highest step. Before him, on that level, were groups of seats and a little kiosk. He went up to this, and stopping in the shadow of its eaves, looked about him, panting.

Everything was vague and gray, but he recognized that these great steps were a series of the platforms of the "ways," now motionless again. The platform slanted up on either side, and the tall buildings rose beyond, vast dim ghosts, their inscriptions and advertisements indistinctly seen, and up through the girders and cables was a faint interrupted ribbon of pallid sky. A number of people hurried by. From their shouts and voices, it seemed they were hurrying to join the fighting. Other less noisy figures flitted timidly among the shadows.

From very far away down the street he could hear the sound of a struggle. But it was evident to him that this was not the street into which the theatre opened. That former fight, it seemed, had suddenly dropped out of sound and hearing. And—grotesque thought!—they were fighting for him!

For a space he was like a man who pauses in the reading of a vivid book and suddenly doubts what he has been taking unquestioningly. At that time he had little mind for details; the whole effect was a huge astonishment. Oddly enough, while the flight from the Council prison, the great crowd in the hall, and the attack of the red police upon the swarming people were clearly present in his mind, it cost him an effort to piece in his awakening and to revive the meditative intervals of the Silent Rooms. At first his memory leaped these things and took him back to the cascade at Pentargen quivering in the wind, and all the sombre splendors of the sunlit Cornish coast. And then the gap filled and he began to comprehend his position.

It was no longer absolutely a riddle, as it had been in the Silent Rooms. At least he had the strange, bare outline now. He was in some way the owner of half the world, and great political parties were fighting to possess him. On the one hand was the White Council, with its red police, set resolutely, it seemed, on the usurpation of his property, and perhaps his murder; on the other, the revolution that had liberated him, with this unseen "Ostrog" as its leader. And the whole of this gigantic city was convulsed by their struggle. Strange development of his world!

He had slipped out between them into this liberty of the twilight. What would happen next? What was happening? He figured the red-clad men as busily hunting him, driving the black-badged revolutionists before them.

At any rate, chance had given him a breathing-space. He could lurk, unchallenged by the passers-by, and watch the course of things. His eye followed up the intricate dim immensity of the twilight buildings, and it came to him as a thing infinitely wonderful that on above there—four hundred feet above there—the sun was rising, and the world was lit and glowing with the old familiar light of day. In a little while he had recovered his breath. His clothing had already dried upon him from the snow.

He wandered for miles along these twilight ways, speaking to no one, accosted by no one—a dark figure among dark figures—the inestimable, unintentional owner of half the world, the coveted man out of the past. Wherever there were lights or dense crowds or exceptional excitement he was afraid of recognition, and watched and turned back or went up and down by the middle stairways into some transverse system of ways at a lower or higher level. And though he came on no more fighting, the whole city stirred with battle. Once he had to run to avoid a marching multitude of men that swept the street. Every one abroad seemed involved. For the most part they were men, and they carried what he judged were weapons. It seemed as though the struggle was concentrated mainly in the quarter of the city from which he came. Ever and again a distant roaring, the remote suggestion of that conflict, reached his ears. Then his caution and his curiosity struggled together. But his caution prevailed, and he continued wandering away from the fighting—so far as he could judge. He went unmolested, unsuspected, through the dark. After a time he ceased to hear even a remote echo of the battle; fewer and fewer people passed him, until at last the titanic streets became deserted. The frontage of the buildings grew plain and harsh; he seemed to have come to a deserted district of warehouses. Solitude crept upon him—his pace slackened.

He became aware of a growing fatigue. At times he would turn aside and seat himself upon one of the numerous seats upon the upper ways. But a feverish restlessness, the knowledge of his vital implication in this struggle, would not let him rest in any place for long. Was the struggle on his behalf alone?

And then in a desolate place came the shock of an earthquake—a roaring and thundering—a mighty wind of cold air pouring through the city, the smash of glass, the slip and thud of falling masonry—a series of gigantic concussions. A mass of glass and iron-work fell from the remote roofs into the middle gallery not a hundred yards away from him, and in the distance were shouts and running. He, too, was startled to an aimless activity, and ran first one way and then as aimlessly back.

A man came running towards him. His self-control returned. "What have they blown up?" asked the man, breathlessly. "That was an explosion," and before Graham could speak he had hurried on.

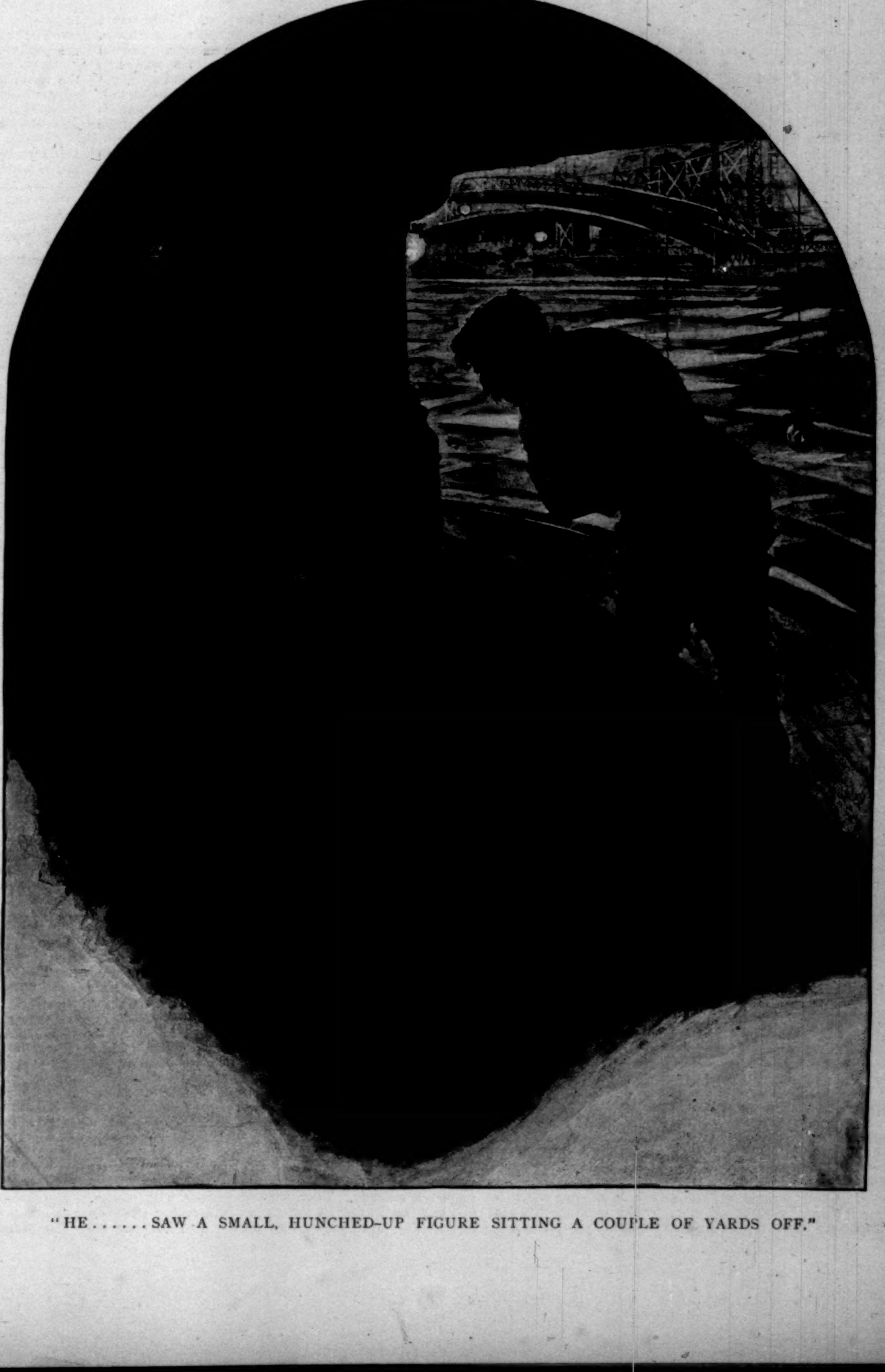
The great buildings rose dimly above Graham everywhere, veiled by a perplexing twilight, albeit the rivulet of sky above was now bright with day. He noted many strange features, understanding none at the time; he even spelled out many of the inscriptions in phonetic lettering. But what profits it to decipher a confusion of odd-looking letters resolving itself, after painful strain of eye and mind, into "Here is Eadhamite," or, "Labor Bureau—Little Side"? Grotesque thought, that in all probability some or all of these cliff-like houses were his!

The perversity of his experience came to him vividly. In actual fact he had made such a leap in time as romancers have imagined again and again. And that fact realized, he had been prepared—his mind had, as it were, seated itself for a spectacle. And no spectacle, but a great vague danger, unsympathetic shadows and veils of darkness. Somewhere through the labyrinthine obscurity his death sought him. Would he, after all, be killed before he saw? It might be that even at the next shadowy corner his destruction ambushed. A great desire to see, a great longing to know, arose in him.

He became fearful of corners. It seemed to him that there was safety in concealment. Where could he hide to be inconspicuous when the lights returned? At last he sat down upon a shaded seat in a recess upon one of the higher ways, conceiving he was alone there.

He squeezed his knuckles into his weary eyes. Suppose, when he looked again, he found the dark trough of parallel ways and that intolerable altitude of edifice gone? Suppose he were to discover the whole story of these last few days—the awakening, the shouting multitudes, the darkness and the fighting—a phantasmagoria, a new and more vivid sort of dream? It must be a dream; it was so inconsecutive, so reasonless. Why were the people fighting for him? Why should this saner later world regard him as Owner and Master?

So he thought, sitting blinded; and then he looked again, half hoping, in spite of his ears, to see some familiar aspect of the life of the nineteenth century—to see perhaps the little harbor of Boscastle about him, the cliffs of Pentargen, or the bedroom of his home. But fact takes no heed of human hopes. A squad of dim men with a black banner tramped athwart the nearer shadows, intent on



"HE . . . . . . SAW A SMALL, HUNCHED-UP FIGURE SITTING A COUPLE OF YARDS OFF."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No 2194.

conflict, and beyond rose that giddy wall of frontage, vast and dark, with the dim incomprehensible lettering showing faintly on its face.

"It is no dream," he said, "no dream." And he bowed his face upon his hands.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD MAN WHO KNEW EVERYTHING.

HE was startled by a cough close at hand.

He turned sharply, and peering, saw a small, hunched-up figure sitting a couple of yards off in the shadow of the enclosure.

"Have ye any news?" asked the high-pitched wheezy note of a very old man.

Graham hesitated. "None," he said.

"I stay here till the lights come again," said the old man. "These blue scoundrels are everywhere—everywhere."

Graham's answer was inarticulate assent. He tried to see the old man, but the darkness hid his face. He wanted very much to respond, to talk, but he did not know how to begin.

"Dark and damnable," said the old man, suddenly. "Dark and damnable. Turned out of my room among all these dangers."

"That's hard," ventured Graham. "That's hard on you."

"Darkness. An old man lost in the darkness. And all the world gone mad. War and fighting. The police beaten and rogues abroad. No more dark passages for me. I fell over a dead man."

"You're safe out here," said Graham.

"One's safer with company," answered the old man, "if it's company of the right sort," and peered frankly. He rose suddenly and came towards Graham.

Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory. The old man sat down as if relieved to be no longer alone. "Eh!" he said, "but this is a terrible time! War and fighting, and the dead lying there—men, strong men, dying in the dark. Sons! I have three sons. God knows where they are to-night."

The voice ceased. Then repeated, quavering, "God knows where they are to-night."

Graham stood revolving a question that should not betray his ignorance. Again the old man's voice ended the pause.

"This Ostrog will win," he said. "He will win. And what the world will be like under him no one can tell. My sons are under the wind-vanes, all three. One of my daughters-in-law was his mistress for a while. His mistress! We're not common people. Though they've set me to wander to-night and take my chance. . . . I knew what was going on. Before most people. But this darkness! And to fall over a dead body suddenly in the dark!"

His wheezy breathing could be heard.

"Ostrog!" said Graham.

"The greatest Boss the world has ever seen," said the voice.

Graham ransacked his mind. "The Council has few friends among the people," he hazarded.

"Few friends. And poor ones at that. They've had their time. Eh! They should have kept to the clever ones. But twice they held election. And Ostrog— And now it has burst out and nothing can stay it, nothing can stay it. Twice they rejected Ostrog—Ostrog the Boss. I heard of his rages at the time—he was terrible. Heaven save them! For nothing on earth can, now he has raised the Labor Companies upon them. No one else would have dared. All the blue canvas armed and marching! He will go through with it. He will go through."

He was silent for a little while. "This Sleeper—" he said, and stopped.

"Yes," said Graham. "Well?"

The senile voice sank to a confidential whisper; the dim, pale face came close. "The real Sleeper—"

"Yes?" said Graham.

"Died years ago."

"What?" said Graham, sharply.

"Years ago. Died. Years ago."

"You don't say so!" said Graham.

"I do. I do say so. He died. This Sleeper who's woke up—they changed in the night. A poor, drugged, insensible creature. But I mustn't tell all I know. I mustn't tell all I know."

For a little while he muttered inaudibly. His secret was too much for him. "I don't know the ones that put him to sleep—that was before my time—but I know the man who injected the stimulants and woke him again. It was ten to one—wake or kill. Wake or kill. Ostrog's way."

Graham was so astonished at these things that he had to interrupt, to make the old man repeat his words, to re-question vaguely, before he was sure of the meaning and folly of what he heard. And his awakening had not been natural! Was that an old man's senile superstition too, or had it any truth in it? Feeling in the dark corners of his memory, he presently came on something that might conceivably be an impression of some such stimulating effect. It dawned upon him that he had happened upon a lucky encounter, that at last he might learn something of the new age. The old man wheezed awhile and spat, and then the piping, reminiscent voice resumed:

"The first time they rejected him. I've followed it all!"

"Rejected whom?" said Graham. "The Sleeper?"

"Sleeper! *No.* Ostrog. He was terrible—terrible! And he was promised then, promised certainly the next time. Fools they were—not to be more afraid of him. Now all the city's his millstone, and such as we dust ground between 'em. Dust ground between 'em. Until he set to work—the workers cut each other's throats, and murdered a Labor policeman at times, and left the rest of us at peace. Dead bodies! Robbing! Darkness! Such a thing hasn't been this gross of years. Eh—but 'tis ill on small folks when the great fall out! It's ill."

"Did you say—there had not been—what? for a gross of years?"

"Eh?" said the old man.

The old man said something about clipping his words, and made him repeat this a third time. "Fighting and slaying, and weapons in hand, and fools bawling freedom and the like," said the old man. "Not in all my life has there been that. These are like the old days—for sure—when the Paris people broke out—three gross of years ago. That's what I mean hasn't been. But it's the world's way. It had to come back. I know. I know. This five years Ostrog has been working, and there has been trouble and trouble and hunger and threats and high talk and arms. Blue canvas and murmurs! No one safe. Everything sliding and slipping. And now here we are! Revolt and fighting, and the Council come to its end."

"You are rather well informed on these things," said Graham.

"I know what I hear. It isn't all Babble Machine with me."

"No," said Graham, wondering what Babble Machine might be. "And you are certain this Ostrog—you are certain Ostrog organized this rebellion, and arranged for the waking of the Sleeper? Just to assert himself—because he was not elected to the Council?"

"Every one knows that, I should think," said the old man. "Except—just fools. He meant to be master, somehow. In the Council or out. Every one who knows anything knows that. And here we are with dead bodies lying in the dark! Why, where have you been if you haven't heard all about the trouble between Ostrog and the Verneys? And what do you think the troubles are about? The Sleeper? Eh? You think the Sleeper's real, and woke of his own accord—eh?"

"I'm a dull man, older than I look, and forgetful," said Graham. "Lots of things that have happened—especially of late years— If I was the Sleeper, to tell you the truth, I couldn't know less about them."

"Eh?" said the voice. "Old, are you? You don't sound so very old! But it's not every one keeps his memory to my time of life—truly. But these notorious things? But you're not so old as me—not nearly so old as me. Well, I ought not to judge other men by myself, perhaps. I'm young—for so old a man. Maybe you're old for so young."

"That's it," said Graham. "And I've a queer history. I know very little. And history! Practically I know no history. The Sleeper and Julius Cæsar are all the same to me. It's interesting to hear you talk of these things."

"I know a few things," said the old man. "I know a thing or two. But— Hark!"

The two men became silent, listening. There was a heavy thud, a concussion that made their seat shiver. The passers-by stopped, shouted to one another. The old man was full of questions; he shouted to a man who passed near. Graham, emboldened by his example, got up and accosted others. None knew what had happened.

He returned to the seat, and found the old man muttering vague interrogations in an undertone. For a while they said nothing to one another.

The sense of this gigantic struggle, so near and so remote, oppressed Graham's imagination. Was this old man right, was the report of the people right, and were the revolutionaries winning? Or were they all in error, and were the red guards driving all before them? At any time the flood of warfare might pour into this silent quarter of the city and seize upon him again. It behooved him to learn all he could while there was time. He turned suddenly to the old man with a question and left it unsaid. But his motion moved the old man to speak his thoughts again.

"Eh! but how things work together!" said the old man. "This Sleeper that all the fools put their trust in! I've the whole history of it—I was always a good one for histories. When I was a boy—I'm that old—I used to read printed books. You'd hardly think it. Likely you've seen none—they rot and dust so—and the sanitary company burns them to make ashlarite. But they were convenient in their dirty way. One learned a lot. These newfangled Babble Machines—they don't seem newfangled to you, eh?—they're easy to hear, easy to forget. But I've traced all the Sleeper business from the first."

"You will scarcely believe it," said Graham, slowly, "I'm so ignorant—I've been so preoccupied in my own little affairs, my circumstances have been so odd—I know nothing of this Sleeper's history. Who was he?"

"Eh!" said the old man. "I know. I know. He was a poor nobody, and set on a playful woman, poor soul! And he fell into a trance. There's the old things they had, those brown things—photographs—still showing him as he lay, a gross and a half of years ago—a gross and a half of years."

"Set on a playful woman, poor soul," said Graham, softly, to himself; and then aloud, "Yes—well! go on."

"You must know he had a cousin named Warming, a solitary man without children, who made a big fortune speculating in roads—the first Eadhamite roads. But surely you've heard? No? Why? He bought all the patent rights, and made a big company. In those days there were grosses of grosses of separate businesses and business companies. Grosses of grosses! His roads killed the railroads—the old things—in two dozen years; he bought up and Eadhamited the tracks. And because he didn't want to break up his great property, or let in shareholders, he left it all to the Sleeper, and put it under a Board of Trustees that he had picked and trained. He knew then the Sleeper wouldn't wake, that he would go on sleeping, sleeping till he died. He knew that quite well. And plump! A man in the United States, who had lost two sons in a boat accident, followed that up with another great bequest. His trustees found themselves with a dozen myriads of Lions' worth or more of property at the very beginning."

"What was his name?"

"Graham."

"No—I mean—that American's."

"Isbister."

"Isbister!" cried Graham. "Why, I don't even know the name."

"Of course not," said the old man. "Of course not. People don't learn much in the schools nowadays. But I know all about him. He was a rich American who went from England, and he left the Sleeper even more than Warming. How he made it? That I don't know. Something about pictures by machinery. But he made it and left it, and so the Council had its start. It was just a council of trustees at first."

"And how did it grow?"

"Eh!—but you're not up to things. Money attracts money—and twelve brains are better than one. They played it cleverly. They worked politics with money, and kept on adding to the money by working currency and tariffs. They grew—they grew. And for years the twelve trustees hid the growing of the Sleeper's estate, under double names and company titles and all that. The Council spread by title-deed, mortgage—share, every political party, every newspaper, they bought. If you listen to the old stories, you will see the Council growing and growing. Billions and Billions of Lions at least—the Sleeper's estate. And all growing out of a whim—out of this Warming's will and an accident to Isbister's sons.

"Men are strange," said the old man. "The strange thing to me is how the Council worked together so long. As many as twelve. But they worked in cliques from the first. And they've slipped back. In my young days speaking of the Council was like an ignorant man speaking of God. We didn't think they could do wrong. We didn't know of their women and all that! Or else I've got wiser.

"Men are strange," said the old man. "Here are you, young and ignorant, and me—sevendy years old, and I might reasonably be forgetting—explaining it all to you, short and clear.

"Sevendy," he said, "sevendy, and I hear and see—hear better than I see. And reason clearly, and keep myself up to all the happenings of things. Sevendy!

"Life is strange. I was twaindy before Ostrog was a baby. I remember him long before he'd pushed his way to the head of the Wind Vanes Control. I've seen many changes. Eh! I've worn the blue. And at last I've come to see this crush and darkness and tumult, and dead men carried by in heaps on the ways. And all his doing! All his doing!"

His voice died away in scarcely articulate praises of Ostrog.

Graham thought. "Let me see," he said, "if I have it right."

He extended a hand and ticked off points upon his fingers. "The Sleeper has been asleep—"

"Changed," said the old man.

"Perhaps. And meanwhile the Sleeper's property grew in the hands of twelve trustees, until it swallowed up nearly all the great ownership of the world. The twelve trustees, by virtue of this property, have become practically masters of the world. Because they are the paying power—just as the old English Parliament used to be—"

"Eh!" said the old man. "That's so—that's a good comparison. You're not so—"

"And now this Ostrog—has suddenly revolutionized the world by waking the Sleeper—whom no one but the superstitious common people had ever dreamt would wake again—raising the Sleeper to claim his property from the Council, after all these years."

The old man endorsed this statement with a cough. "It's strange," he said, "to meet a man who learns these things for the first time to-night."

"Aye," said Graham, "it's strange."

"Have you been in a Pleasure City?" said the old man. "All my life I've longed—" He laughed. "Even now," he said, "I could enjoy a little fun. Enjoy seeing things, anyhow." He mumbled a sentence Graham did not understand.

"The Sleeper—when did he awake?" said Graham, suddenly.

"Three days ago."

"Where is he?"

"Ostrog has him. He escaped from the Council not four hours ago. My dear sir, where were you at the time? He was in the hall of the markets—where the fighting has been. All the city was screaming about it. All the Babble Machines. Everywhere it was shouted. Even the fools who speak for the Council were admitting it. Every one was rushing off to see him—every one was getting arms. Were you drunk or asleep? And even then! But you're joking! Surely you're pretending. It was to stop the shouting of the Babble Machines and prevent the people gathering that they turned off the electricity and put this damned darkness upon us. Do you mean to say—?"

"I had heard the Sleeper was rescued," said Graham. "But—to come back a minute. Are you sure Ostrog has him?"

"He won't let him go," said the old man.

"And the Sleeper. Are you sure he is not genuine? I have never heard—"

"So all the fools think. So they think. As if there wasn't a thousand things that were never heard. I know Ostrog too well for that. Did I tell you? In a way I'm a sort of relation of Ostrog's. A sort of relation. Through my daughter-in-law."

"I suppose—"

"Well?"

"I suppose there's no chance of this Sleeper asserting himself. I suppose he's certain to be a puppet, in Ostrog's hands or the Council's, as soon as the struggle is over."

"In Ostrog's hands—certainly. Why shouldn't he be a puppet? Look at his position. Everything done for him, every pleasure possible. Why should he want to assert himself?"

"What are these Pleasure Cities?" said Graham, abruptly.

The old man made him repeat the question. When at last he was assured of Graham's words, he nudged him violently. "That's *too* much," said he. "You're poking fun at an old man. I've been suspecting you know more than you pretended."

"Perhaps I do," said Graham. "But no? Why should I go on acting? No, I do not know what a Pleasure City is."

The old man laughed in an intimate way.

"What is more, I do not know how to read your letters; I do not know what money you use; I do not know what foreign countries there are. I do not know where I am. I cannot count. I do not know where to get food, nor drink, nor shelter."

"Come, come," said the old man; "if you had a glass of drink, now, would you put it in your ear or your eye?"

"I want you to tell me all these things."

"He, he! Well, gentlemen who dress in silk must have their fun." A withered hand caressed Graham's arm for a moment. "Silk. Well, well! But, all the same, I wish I was the man who was put up as the Sleeper. He'll have a fine time of it. All the pomp and pleasure. He's a queer-looking face. When they used to let any one go to see him, I've got tickets and been. The image of the real one, as the photographs show him, this substitute used to be. Yellow. But he'll get fed up. It's a queer world. Think of the luck of it. The luck of it. I expect he'll be sent to Capri. It's the best fun for a greener."

His cough overtook him again. Then he began mumbling enviously of pleasures and strange delights. "The luck of it, the luck of it! All my life I've been in London, hoping to get my chance."

"But you don't know that the Sleeper died," said Graham, suddenly.

The old man made him repeat his words.

"Men don't live beyond ten dozen. It's not in the order of things," said the old man. "I'm not a fool. Fools may believe it, but not I."

Graham became angry with the old man's assurance. "Whether you are a fool or not," he said, "it happens you are wrong about the Sleeper."

"Eh?"

"You are wrong about the Sleeper. I haven't told you before, but I will tell you now. You are wrong about the Sleeper."

"How do you know? I thought you didn't know anything—not even about Pleasure Cities."

Graham paused.

"You don't know," said the old man. "How are you to know? It's very few men—"

"I *am* the Sleeper."

He had to repeat it.

There was a brief pause. "There's a silly thing to say, sir, if you'll excuse me. It might get you into trouble in a time like this," said the old man.

Graham, slightly dashed, repeated this assertion.

"I was saying I was the Sleeper. That years and years ago I did indeed fall asleep, in a little stone-built village, in the days when there were hedge-rows and villages and inns, and all the country-side cut up into little pieces, little fields. Have you never heard of those days? And it is I—I who speak to you—who awakened again these four days since."

"Four days since!—the Sleeper! But they've *got* the Sleeper. They have him, and they won't let him go. Nonsense! You've been talking sensibly enough up to now. I can see it as though I was there. There will be Lincoln like a keeper just behind him; they won't let him go about alone. Trust them. You're a queer fellow. One of these fun-pokers. I see now why you have been clipping your words so oddly, but—"

He stopped abruptly, and Graham could see his gesture.

"As if Ostrog would let the Sleeper run about alone! No, you're telling that to the wrong man altogether. Eh! as if I should believe! What's your game? And besides, we've been talking of the Sleeper."

Graham stood up. "Listen," he said. "I am the Sleeper."

"You're an odd man," said the old man, "to sit here in the dark, talking clipped, and telling a lie of that sort. But—"

Graham's exasperation fell to laughter. "It is preposterous," he cried. "Preposterous. The dream must end. It gets wilder and wilder. Here am I—in this damned twilight—I never knew a dream in twilight before—trying to persuade an old fool that I am myself, and meanwhile— Ugh!"

He moved in gusty irritation, and went striding. In a moment the old man was pursuing him. "Eh! but don't go!" cried the old man. "I'm an old fool, I know. Don't go. Don't leave me in all this darkness."

Graham hesitated, stopped. Suddenly the folly of telling his secret flashed into his mind.

"I didn't mean to offend you—disbelieving you," said the old man, coming near. "It's no manner of harm. Call yourself the Sleeper, if it pleases you. 'Tis a foolish trick—"

Graham hesitated, turned abruptly, and went on his way.

For a time he heard the old man's hobbling pursuit and his wheezy cries receding. But at last the darkness swallowed him, and Graham saw him no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

SUGAR-CULTURE

A GENERAL impression seems to prevail that sugar-cane raising and the manufacturing of the products from cane—sugar, molasses, and rum—form the chief industry of Puerto Rico. This is an erroneous idea, for, while the products, measured by avoirdupois, do greatly exceed those of all other industries, if gauged by money valuation, they rank second in importance—coffee being first, with a crop worth over three times the sugar output.

The growth of the sugar industry from the beginning of the century is told in the following table, though it should be remarked that twenty years earlier, or in 1783, the annual amount of sugar grown was quite as large, but there was a profound stagnation in island industries between the years 1776 and 1811:

1803	Sugar	263,200 lbs.	at 6 c.,	$ 15,792	exported.
1810	Sugar	3,796,900	" 6 c.,	$ 227,814	exported.
"	"	4,000,000	"		home consumption.
		7,796,900 lbs. total raised.			
1828	Sugar	19,788,600 lbs.	at 4 c.,	$ 791,544	exported.
"	"	7,000,000	" 6 c.,	420,000	home consumption
"	Molasses	2,245,044	" 2 c.,	44,900	exported.
		29,033,644 lbs.		$1,256,444	
1838	Sugar	69,138,500 lbs.	at 4 c.,	$2,765,540	exported.
"	"	8,000,000	" 6 c.,	480,000	home consumption.
"	Molasses	19,619,458	"	392,389	exported.
		96,757,958 lbs.		$3,637,929	
1847	Sugar	104,178,200 lbs.	at 4 c.,	$4,167,128	exported.
"	Molasses	26,922,126	" 2 c.,	538,442	exported.
		131,100,326 lbs.		$4,705,570	
1853	Sugar	115,666,200 lbs.	at 3½c.,	$4,038,317	exported.
"	"	11,000,000	" 6 c.,	660,000	home consumption.
"	Molasses	28,540,872	" 2 c.,	570,217	exported.
		155,177,072 lbs.		$5,268,534	
1887	Sugar	180,974,080 lbs.	at 2.8c.,	$5,041,444	exported.
"	"	16,000,000	" 5 c.,	900,000	home consumption.
"	Molasses	55,210,880	" 1½c.,	978,163	
		252,184,960 lbs.		$6,919,607	
1896	Sugar	122,946,335 lbs.	at 2.9c.,	$3,603,852	exported.
"	"	16,000,000	" 6 c.,	960,000	home consumption
"	Molasses	32,221,619	" 1½c.,	493,638	
		171,167,954 lbs.		$5,057,490	

It will be noted that from 1803 to 1887 there was a constant increase in the weight of sugar exported, and it may be said that during the next ten years, or up to the present time, a marked decline took place in the sugar industry, the crop of 1896 being about two-thirds that of a decade earlier.

The money value of the crop, however, has not for fifty years kept pace in ratio with the constantly increasing acreage and output of marketable sugar. In 1847 the export sugars, at the then prevailing high price of the commodity, sold for a sum within a million dollars of the high-water crop of 1887, though 77,000,000 more pounds of sugar were exported, or an increase of 77 per cent. in the total crop over the year 1847, with a gain of but 20 per cent. in money value. There are so many confusing factors to be taken into consideration in an attempt to compare the past with the present condition of the sugar industry, and so few statistics in which credence may be placed, that it is an almost hopeless task to attempt to prepare a critical analysis. The principal elements to be taken into consideration are—

1. Fertility of soil, which returned, sixty years ago, nearly double the crop of to-day.

2. Methods of cultivation, cutting, and transporting cane from fields, all of which have made giant strides, in some sections, over the primitive ways of the past.

3. Difference in machinery, modern machinery returning over 30 per cent. more sugar than that in use in 1847.

4. Manufacture of bye-products—rum and alcohol—which are produced very cheaply to-day, and with considerable profit.

5. Scale of wages. Free labor in the forties received twenty-five cents a day and board, while to-day sixty-two cents Puerto-Rican silver, or about forty cents gold, and no board, is paid. Slave labor, of which there was never over 15 per cent., cost as much as free labor, in housing, clothing, etc.

6. Cost of transportation to seaports, which has been materially reduced in sections with contiguous military roads.

7. Cost of fuel, which has more than doubled in price in forty years, but has decreased in quantity required by over one-half, through the introduction of better methods of firing, use of bagasse for fuel, and use of vacuum-pans and tubular boilers.

In 1847 it was possible to raise from 3500 pounds of sugar per acre on the poorest lands, to as much as 8000 to 9000 pounds on the best; this was accomplished with little resting of the soil; and further, the ratoons sprang up from the cropped cane for six or seven years in succession. To-day little land on the island proper ever gives more than 4000 pounds of sugar, and the average is near the ton mark. The canes grow from the ratoons but four or five years, and then lands must be rested for several years before replanting. The island of Vieques may be noted as an exception to this rule, and its productive lands yet return immense fields of cane, the fields not requiring replanting under six or seven years; but excessive and prolonged drouths occur now and then.

The modern methods of cultivation are greatly advanced over the earlier ones through the almost total disappearance of the primitive single-stick plough and one yoke of oxen, which have given place to modern heavy breaking-ploughs (not gang-ploughs), with three to four yoke of oxen to each. The fields are carefully prepared for planting, though fertilizing is not indulged in, as it is said—with mistaken ideas of economy—that it would not be profitable.

The cane is still cut by hand, as no machine can do it, but the picturesque ox-cart, which sinks deep into the soft earth of the fields, has given way to steel tramways and cars on the great estates as a means of transporting cane to the mill, while on one estate at least whole trains are drawn by small steam-engines. This has much reduced the cost of labor, and insures expeditious movement of cut cane to the crushers.

The machinery used before the forties consisted principally of wooden single and double roll crushers driven by bullock power, open kettles for boiling, wooden vats for crystallizing out the second sugar, and dripping-rooms, in which hogsheads of crude sugar, set on huge beams, were drained of their surplus molasses. Steam-engines for motive power and iron crushing-rolls were introduced in the forties, but the open kettle and pan boiling gave way very slowly to the modern process of vacuum-pans, "triple effects," and centrifugals, and yet even to this day the industry is seriously handicapped by the continued use of antiquated machinery. Most mills boast of a vacuum-pan and centrifugals; but in the majority the juice-boiling is still done in the open air, which necessitates a wasteful use of fuel and a finished sugar little above the old muscavado in quality.

There are but two central factories in all Puerto Rico which have really modern machinery, consisting of tubular boilers, heated with bagasse, fed automatically from carriers; double crushers with triple rolls; clarifiers and eliminators; triple effects; vacuum-pans; mixers; centrifugals; sugar-carriers; bagging-bins; and all the auxiliary vats and transferrers for making third and fourth sugars from the molasses. It may be said that most mills are a heterogeneous combination of old and new machinery in a most incongruous fashion, and that in consequence the mechanical equilibrium of the process is usually so upset that often one portion of the mill must close down to wait upon some slow, weak link. The result of these unscientific methods has been to close down permanently mill after mill in the last ten years, since the price of sugar has been low, as it cannot be manufactured with profit without the most skilled handling.

The bye-products—rum and alcohol—are manufactured at every big central factory, and furnish no inconsiderable return in the sugar-making business. It is almost impossible to estimate the annual production of rum on the island, for, as there are no internal-revenue taxes on the quantity manufactured, it is never returned as a portion of governmental statistics. The consumption of this fiery liquor is almost entirely confined to the native population, though some thousands of gallons are exported each year to Spain. Newly made rum sells as low as twenty-five cents a gallon. The profitable side of molasses distillation will be found to lie in the manufacture of alcohol.

In regard to wages, the writer feels it may safely be said that labor is cheaper to-day in Puerto Rico than fifty years ago, when free men received twenty-five cents a day and board, for, with the depreciated value of the island silver, the best laborers do not get over thirty to forty cents a day gold, and must board themselves, while the sugar-planter receives an equivalent in gold at the seaboard for his crop. A fact which prospective investors in Puerto-Rican sugar-estates must not lose sight of is that financial legislation by our government for the island will place the silver used in the future on a gold basis, but it is not at all likely that the wage of the laborer will be any less as measured in cents per day, this wage being now fifty to sixty-two cents of the present depreciated silver. If this be true—and all history of national financial fluctuations bears out the assertion—the wages for labor will be materially appreciated, as computed by the employer and charged against his profits. This promises to be one of the most serious obstacles in the way of profitable sugar-culture in Puerto Rico, if not in all of our new possessions, unless the price of sugar shall advance.

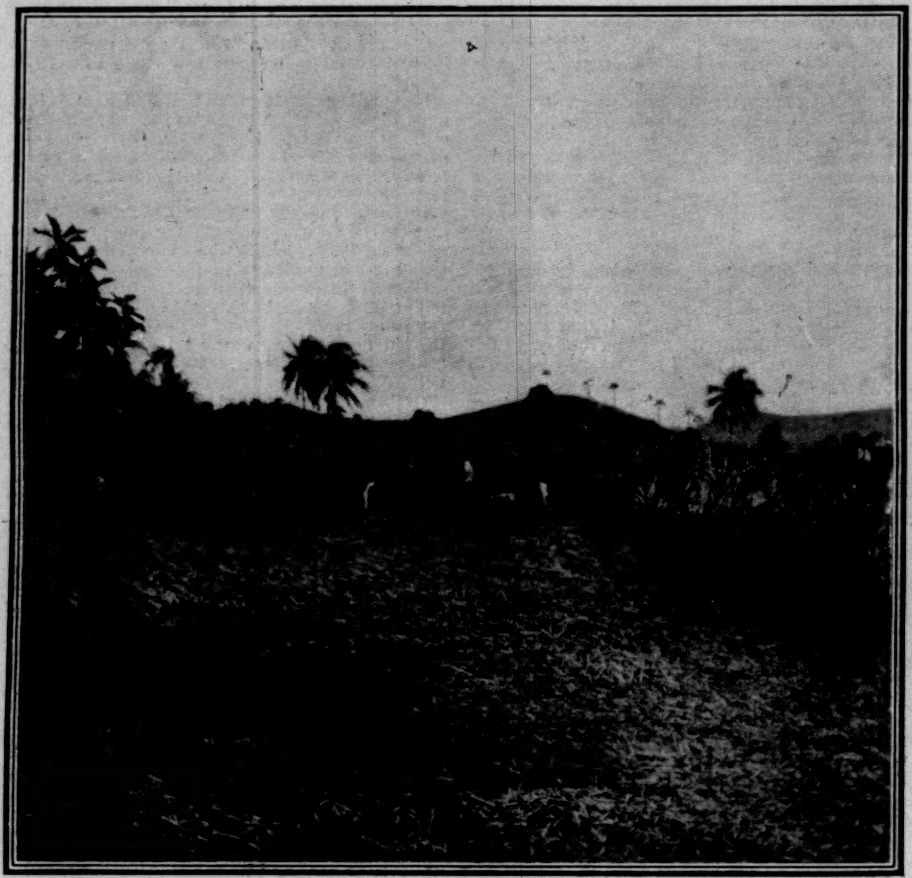
All contracts for sugar from foreign buyers contemplate a delivery at the water-front of one of the great seaport towns, in bags or hogsheads, and the transportation of the sugar from the factory to the wharf is no small item of expense, amounting in one instance known to the writer—from Carolina to San Juan, sixteen miles by ox-carts—to twenty-five cents Puerto-Rican silver per bag of two hundred and fifty pounds. Where railroads may be used, the transportation charges are materially reduced, but the tariff is exceedingly high compared with American freight rates, and the carrier binds himself in no way for the safe delivery of the freight. The factor of transportation is one to be carefully considered by capitalists intending to invest in agricultural enterprises.

The scarcity of fuel has become a bugbear of monstrous proportions to sugar-makers, as the island has been almost denuded of wood; no mineral fuel has yet been discovered, and foreign coal is very costly. A small ox-cart load of very poor fuel wood, certainly not half a cord, costs in most sections a dollar and fifty cents a load. Bagasse (the refuse cane) is used everywhere as a part of the fuel, but, where muscavado sugar-making still prevails, the proportion of wood consumed is at least seventy per cent. of the total amount of fuel, and it is only in the most modern establishments, where bagasse is employed under forced draught for heating tubular boilers, that the ruinous wood bill is materially reduced.

Sugar-making on a gigantic scale is one of the deeply interesting industries of the world, and in Puerto Rico it is particularly fascinating to the observer, in that he can, while travelling over the island, follow the evolution of the industry objectively. The old wooden crusher, with its two upright creaking rolls—driven round and round by slowly plodding oxen, who snatch now and again a mouthful of the sweet cane—may be seen in operation in some of the out-of-the-way places. The juice is boiled, perhaps, in a single kettle, frailly housed from the weather by palm thatch, and the bubbling liquid seems almost to dance to the rhythmic strumming of the primitive guitar in the hands of the native watcher. The little nude, round-bellied pickaninnies sit in circles and stare with wide-eyed approbation and contentment at the operations, while they munch huge mouthfuls of cane and lather their faces with the sweet juice, or cement more firmly the kinky hair to their pates. Sugar for home consumption only is made at these extremely primitive mills, and it is doubtful whether the return in sugar is at all commensurate with the labor involved.

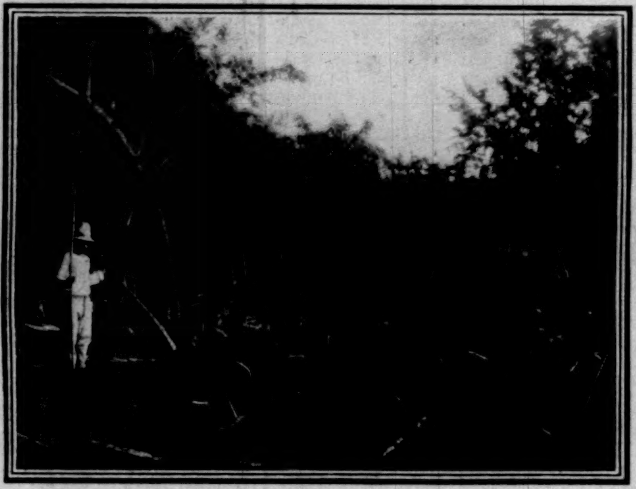
The next visible stepping-stone in the industry is shown in the scores of small mills, built fifty, sixty, and seventy years ago, which dot the valleys of the sugar districts. Many of them have been abandoned, and the majority are slowly passing away in dry-rot, as the poverty-stricken owners cannot afford to operate them, and have either let their fields grow up in a wild luxuriance of weeds, as in portions of the Mayaguez district, or are cultivators of cane alone, for which they are paid in a certain proportion of sugar by the great central factories with their better machinery.

A few of the little mills are still operated, and turn out the lowest grades of muscavado sugar. The crushers are double rolls, driven by ancient condensing-engines of marine type, or by undershot water-wheels. The juice is boiled in batteries of circular, round-bottomed, cast-iron kettles, cemented and bricked in, in a single row, over a fireplace. The juice is slowly heated in the first one

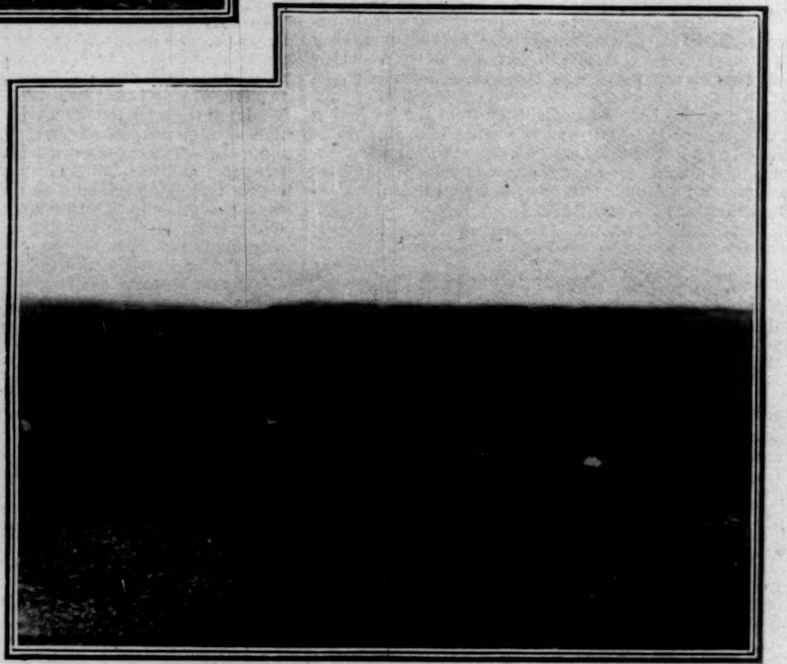


CUTTING THE CANE.

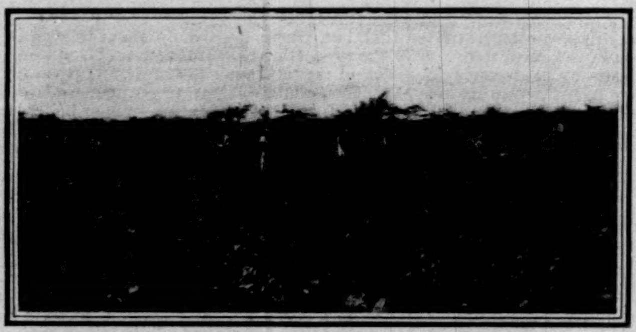
"A DOLLAR AND A HALF'S WORTH OF WOOD"—HALF A CORD.



OLD SINGLE-STICK PLOUGH.

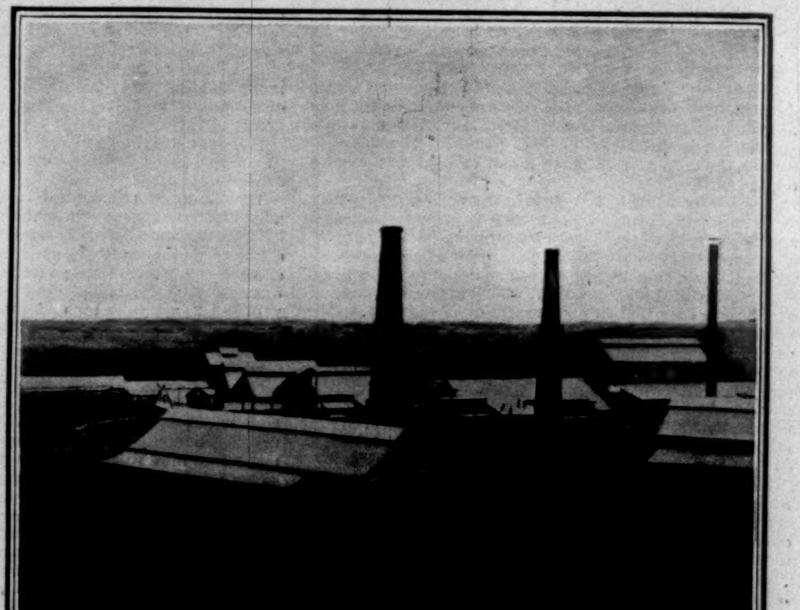


SUGAR-LANDS OF NORTHERN PUERTO RICO.



METHOD OF PLANTING CANE

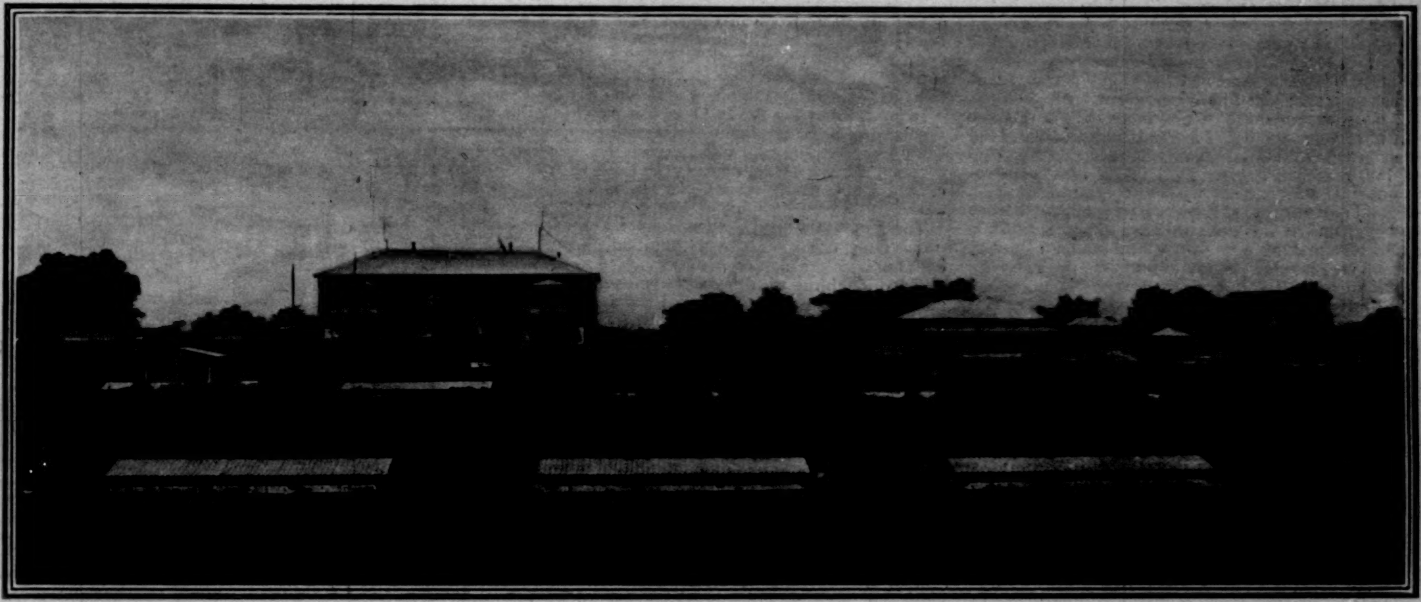
PRIMITIVE METHOD OF REMOVING THE "BAGASSE."



TYPICAL SUGAR-MILL NEAR PONCE—ANTIQUATED AND MODERN MACHINERY COMBINED.

PUERTO RICO—METHODS OF SUGAR-CULTURE IN USE IN THE ISLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 167.]



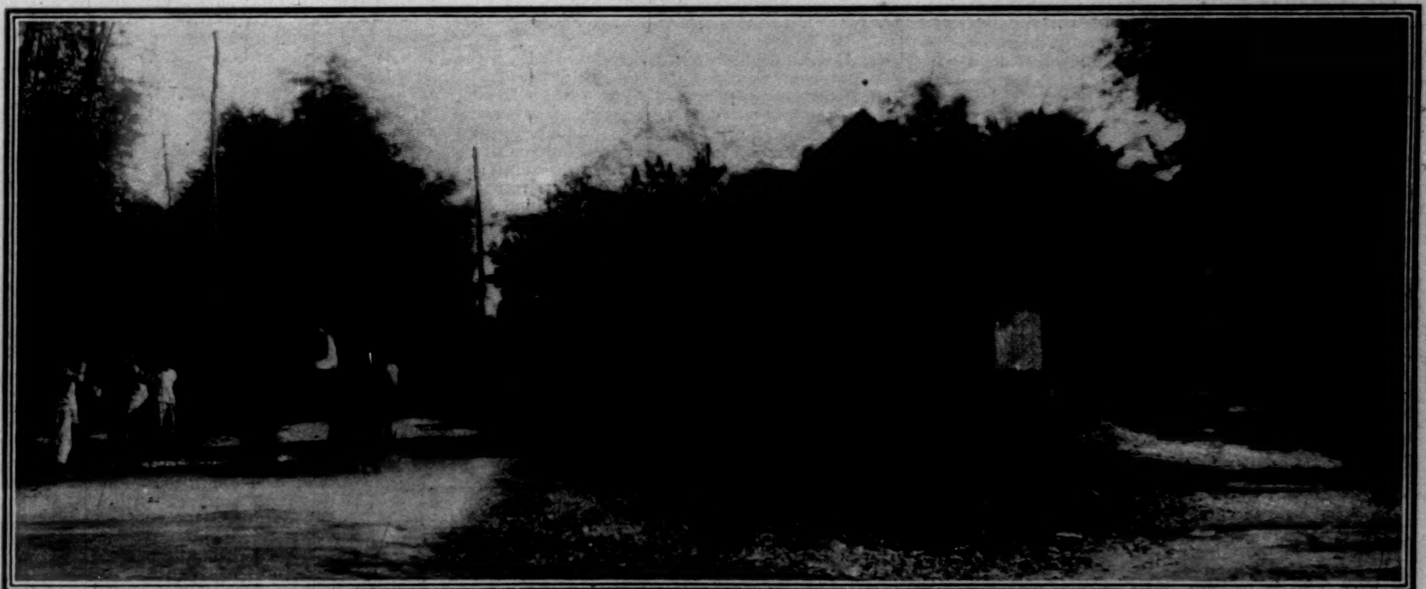
WATER-WORKS NEAR SAN JUAN DEL MONTE, CAPTURED FROM THE INSURGENTS.

GUN MOUNTED BY INSURGENTS TO CONTROL RAILROAD NEAR CALOOCAN.

IGORROTE WARRIORS OF LUZON.

BLOCK-HOUSE NEAR MALATE.

INSURGENT OBSERVATION-TOWER.



SANTA MESA, NEAR MANILA, WHERE THE FIGHTING BEGAN.

MANILA—SCENES ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

Photographs from John F. Bass and O. K. Davis, Special Correspondents of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.—[See Page 174] farthest from the heat, and crystallized into sugar in the last, directly over the hottest fire, where the thickening syrup rages like a tempest-tossed sea in foaming, sputtering ebullition. The molasses is drained from the semi-crystalline mass in wooden bins, and the remaining sugar, of very poor quality, packed in hogsheads or burlap bags.

At a conservative estimate not more than seven per cent. of the lowest quality of sugar is returned from the canes, even when the first molasses is painstakingly converted into a second sugar. It is to-day utterly impossible to operate such a plant without constant loss to its owners, and one wonders at the almost asinine persistence with which some of the Spanish estate-holders continue the practice of making crude sugars by cruder methods, which each year involves them deeper in debt. The only explanation ever offered the writer was that the government had put an almost prohibitory tariff on modern machinery, and it is true that American machinery was discriminated against in such a way that its introduction into Puerto Rico by an unfortunate estate-owner meant the doubling or tripling of its original price by a subtle system of shuffling classification, which would lead the owner to believe that, unawares, he had imported a gold-mine instead of simply a gold brick. Incidentally let me say that most of these unfortunate agriculturists hail with delight a bonding of the island's interests with those of the United States, in the firm belief that it means for them financial salvation.

During the last thirty years what is known as the "central factory" system has arisen, the buildings being owned by capitalists, who may or may not own the cane-lands. The outlying land-owners send their cane to these mills to be converted into sugar, and receive for it four and five per cent. of the weight of the cane in sugar. It is not usual for them, however, to receive the actual sugar, but rather the value of such proportion as the ruling market price. The writer will later give fairly accurate figures of the cost of raising cane per acre and placing it at the mill. It has been difficult, even under this system, which places the burden of expense upon the mill-owners, for the agriculturist to even up, and it has been a common practice for mill men to advance money to the farmer for the necessary cultivating machinery and expense of cropping, charging him twelve per cent. interest, and taking as security a mortgage on his property. The result is most likely the same the world over—the mill men each year add to their landed domain, and then sublet such properties on shares, perhaps to the scion of a once-powerful family.

Up to within ten years, or before the pressure and competition of beet sugar was severely felt, it was possible for central factories making as low as eight per cent. of sugar to secure a fair rate of interest on the capital invested; but since that time, with sugar falling several times as low as $2 20 per hundred-weight, only factories which possess the facilities and machinery for producing ten or eleven per cent. of sugar, and which have contributory cane-lands to furnish them with at least fifty million pounds of cane annually, can be run profitably.

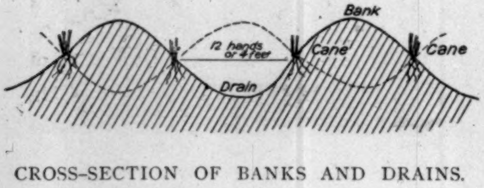
One of the best equipped central factories in Puerto Rico, which produced, in 1897, 6,500,000 of first, second, and third sugars, made a net profit for the year of $19,500 on a capital investment of $800,000, or a little less than three per cent. This factory is capable of making 13,000,000 pounds of sugar a year, but has contributory to it but 2000 acres of cane-lands, which can supply only about half the required amount, and hence it is forced to shut down from time to time during the grinding season. It costs the mill almost an even eighteen dollars per ton, or nine mills a pound, to make the sugar which sold in 1897 on an average at a little below two and four-tenths cents a pound. The cane-raiser's five-per-cent. commission gives him half the sugar made, leaving as a profit to the mill man three mills per pound. If this mill could be run up to its full capacity, the expense of operating would be so lessened as to easily afford four mills profit per pound of sugar, and an easy return of seven per cent. on the total capitalization.

This particular illustration has been drawn with a view of pointing out that, while the sugar industry of the whole island is in an apparently precarious condition, in point of fact a thoroughly equipped establishment, with sufficient cane territory and the whole properly managed, will give to the investor of large capital an adequate return. But the factors which are to-day ruining the sugar-mill owners, of Puerto Rico at least, are antiquated mills and insufficient cane to keep them in operation. The promise of a successful future lies in more profound centralization of the industry, and there are now a number of sections on the island where single valleys of twenty to thirty thousand acres might easily be made contributory to a single factory—sections which, if necessary, might be readily irrigated from the constant and fast-flowing waters which course the centre of the valleys.

Approximate cost of cultivating an acre of cane-land:

Ploughing, first	$2 50		
Ploughing, second	2 00		
Ploughing, third	1 50		
		$6 00	
Planting cane-tops		8 00	
Draining and ditching		4 00	
			$18 00
Weeding, first		$6 00	
Weeding, second		4 00	
Weeding, third		2 50	
Weeding, fourth		1 50	
			14 00
Thieving (pulling leaves from cane and laying in the rows to keep grass from springing up)			2 00
Cutting cane and loading on cars			6 00
Total cost per acre			$40 00

These figures are only approximate, based on wages at sixty-two and seventy-five cents per diem, and on contract jobs let to field bosses.



CROSS-SECTION OF BANKS AND DRAINS.
Dotted lines indicate method of breaking bank.

The expenses of the succeeding years, when the ratoons are springing up from the roots, are much less, not usually exceeding $20; but it should be remembered that the annual crop is becoming lighter, until a time arrives—three or four years on poor lands, and four to six on rich bottoms—when the land must be rested or reset.

In years following the first one, it is usual to "line up" the "trash," or leaves, in the drainage-ditches, and "break bank" by ploughing—that is, to plough down the ridge between the rows, which covers the trash with earth and creates a new drain, or reverses the topography of the field.

The diagram will give an understanding of the operation. Only one ploughing is required, and the weeding does not exceed $10 in cost.

The ploughing, weeding, and cane-cutting may be let out by contract to native Puerto-Ricans who make a business of handling cane for estate-owners. The price per acre for ploughing, weeding, etc., has been given, but it may be said that the cutting and loading are usually paid for at the rate of two cents a hundred pounds of cane, so the amount varies, depending upon the size of the crop.

The expense to the cane-grower of moving his crop to the sugar-mill falls heavy or light upon him, depending upon long or short hauls. Whether it is necessary for him to transport the crop in ox-carts to the mills, or only a short distance to steam-tramways owned by the central factory, it is an expense of sufficient importance in short years materially to reduce his revenue.

There are many small valleys yet in Puerto Rico where the rivers annually overflow, leaving behind, at the recession of the waters, a rich fertilizing silt where 40,000 pounds of cane may be raised per acre, and there are handsome stories of nearly double that amount in places. Good rich land will average 30.000 pounds of cane, or 3000 pounds of sugar, per acre. Assuming this to be a big average, the cane-raiser, to receive one-half the value of this amount as his share, at the ruling price of two and four-tenths cents, his gross receipts would be $36 per acre, as against liabilities of $40 an acre in planting his crop, a loss of $4 per acre. During the next four years his ratoon crops would run down from 3000 to 2000 pounds per acre, making his crop average 2500 pounds to the acre, or his share in cost $30 per acre. Losing $4 an acre the first year, and netting $10 per acre the succeeding four years, leaves him an average annual profit of a little over $7 per acre.

Cane-lands range from $50 to $100 an acre in price, the latter figure representing rich lands.

This summing up appears on the face to be a fairly pleasing exposition of how the land-owner may net seven per cent. or more on his investment, but it is very doubtful if the figures for crops herein given will year after year reach the estimate. One estate raising over five million pounds of sugar is said to have averaged 3600 pounds per acre; but many of the cane-lands of the island have been utterly worn out by generations of contract cultivators, and, in the writer's opinion, 2000 pounds of sugar per acre would represent a nearer figure to the truth than a larger.

It should be pointed out very forcibly, however, to sugar-cane growers in the United States, that even to-day, after decades of cane-growing in Puerto Rico, on lands which have never known the taste of fertilizers, and whose readily accessible streams have never been diverted to irrigate a soil which blossoms under a drop of water, that they do average per acre double the crop of the United States, and that the cane throws up its ratoons for at least four years instead of being annually planted.

There must be a remunerative future in Puerto Rico to just such men as have struggled for a hundred years in Louisiana to rear sugar-cane in an artificial environment. The climate is no more difficult to live in, and with the same northern methods of cultivation pursued in this island, and with Puerto Rico recognized as a portion of our country, and duties removed, the promises of making fortunes are exceedingly flattering.

It has been suggested that Puerto Rico's chances as a factor in the sugar market would be small if she competed against Cuba and the Philippines. The only argument which can be legitimately advanced to confirm this statement is one of a difference in price of labor, for, under similar methods of cultivation, the islands differ little in average crop.

The Gridiron Club and its Dinners

THE Gridiron Club of Washington, D. C., is the product of a long process of development. Fourteen years ago a group of the leading newspaper correspondents, meeting one evening socially, agreed that it would be a good thing to establish a club which should cultivate a friendly relation between the members of their craft and help maintain a high standard of professional responsibility, without yielding to the influences which have wrecked so many of the so-called press clubs in Washington and other cities. Its convivial activities were to be confined to a dinner once a month during the busy season, and occasional excursions in the spring and summer. The membership was to be limited to forty. At a later stage the forty full members attached to their organization ten limited members, residents of Washington not connected with the press, but selected for their accomplishments in various lines tributary to the general qualification of good-fellowship.

Under the presidency of the late Ben: Perley Poore, the fame of the good cheer at the club dinners spread through the official circle in Washington, and high officers of the government accepted invitations to be present as guests. The fact, however, that these dinners were attended only by men, and that there was a freedom of discussion of public affairs on their personal side which did not obtain at such gatherings generally, led to one or two embarrassing incidents early in the career of the club, and brought about the adoption of a rule—of which each group of diners since then has been reminded, on taking seats at the table—that "at Gridiron dinners reporters are never present, but ladies always are." This ingenious device for assuring guests that nothing they may say will be paraded in the newspapers, but that nevertheless in word and action they must observe a strict regard for the proprieties, makes the club perhaps unique among dining organizations.

At the outset the great feature of each feast was, of course, the speeches made by members and guests; and the only thing which distinguished them from other such affairs was the fire of ridiculous interruptions, questions, and comments which each speaker drew upon himself; for his attempts at retort, and the labyrinth of parentheses in which he would presently find himself involved, afforded his persecutors great merriment. This was called "broiling," in reference to the figurative title of the club. Little by little, especially as attendance at the dinners swelled to such dimensions as to become unmanageable if the mania for interruptions were unchecked, the club outgrew this form of fun. Meanwhile there had been creeping in a practice of satirizing public events in other ways, the members of the club alone conducting that branch of the entertainment. To avoid massing too many of the intellectual incidents of a dinner at the stage of coffee and cigars, the club adopted the practice of bringing in its music, speeches, and satirical vaudeville in the intervals between the courses of the dinner itself. From impromptu performances it soon passed to carefully rehearsed programmes—a part of their charm, however, consisting in their appearance of never having been rehearsed at all. No subject under discussion in Congress or among the people has been sacred from the satirists, and their comical surprises have now reached a point where they have driven the public speakers utterly into the background. There is still time, usually, in the course of an evening, for a half-dozen speeches if they are short, but it is obvious that what the guests enjoy most is the fun-making of the club itself.

The dinner illustrated by our artist had several of these features. The election of Chauncey M. Depew as Senator from New York was a subject of especial interest to the club, since Mr. Depew had been present at least once every year at a dinner. He had enjoyed so heartily the fun poked at other victims that the club thought this a good opportunity for letting him see how it felt. So it went through the form of administering the oath of office to a huge "property" volume of *Depew's Jokes*, on the pretext that Depew's jokes were really all there was to Depew. Then they called upon Mr. Depew for a few remarks; but, before he could respond, a huge phonograph, which had been concealed in one corner of the room, began to shoot forth some of his most familiar anecdotes, to which he was permitted to supply only the gestures. When Mr. Depew was finally allowed, at a late hour, to speak in his own person, he made one of his cleverest addresses, and assured his permanent retention on the club's invitation list.

Another amusing feature was a mock ratification of the treaty of Paris. The club resolved itself into the Senate in executive session—its president, General H. V. Boynton, impersonating the Vice-President of the United States, and other members representing Senators prominently identified with the expansion and anti-expansion sides of the treaty controversy. An emissary of the Filipinos, who was discovered in the gallery, having on his person a card of admission signed by the Senator from Spain, was ignominiously hustled out by a captain of the Capitol police. Then, after some debate, the vote was taken, the presiding officer announcing that, as the roll was called, "all patriots in favor of the treaty" should respond "Aye," and "all enemies of their country who disapprove of the treaty" should respond "Aye" also. By this ingenious means a unanimous vote for ratification was obtained. On announcing the result, the Chair took occasion to remind the Senators afresh of their solemn oath, so often violated, that the proceedings of an executive session should be kept absolutely secret. Before the words were fairly out of his mouth the doors at either end of the dining-hall flew open and newsboys rushed in, crying "extras" containing the full account of the executive session, including the vote. The extras were the real article, special editions of the Washington *Star* and *Post* having been printed expressly for the occasion.

Still another satire furnished a fabric for the initiation of a new member into the club. He appeared as an applicant for admission under the name of the recently elected polygamist Representative from Utah, and leading behind him, at the ends of long ribbons, four wives. Since the cultivation of the moral virtues and good citizenship are among the aims of the club, it was decided that he should not be admitted till he had purged himself of the offence of plural marriage. To this end the services of a Chicago lawyer were called in, who advertised to "procure divorces while you wait," and who relieved the novitiate of his wives by a process peculiarly his own. Then, as the forlorn women wept so bitterly at being left alone in the world, it was decided to console them by marrying them off again, but to separate husbands, one apiece. The ex-wives drew lots for their new lords, and were duly handed over, one to a famous Senator, another to a great political campaigner, a third to a leading diplomatist, and a fourth to a member of the cabinet. Each of the new husbands was at table, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion with peculiar zest.

Interspersed with this nonsense were orchestral music, vocal solos and quartets, and "coon songs" with banjo accompaniments, the whole company joining in the chorus.

The list of guests whom the Gridiron Club has entertained in its career of fourteen years includes pretty nearly every man of special prominence in political, diplomatic, literary, or social life who has visited Washington during that period. No two men have enjoyed the dinners more keenly than Presidents Harrison and McKinley, both of whom have the happiest gift for short and humorous speech-making, and who have found in their share of the club's fun a wholesome relaxation from the strain of official cares. One evening will be especially memorable in the annals of the club, when a certain President of the United States, who was present with most of his cabinet, fell to bandying stories with his Secretary of the Treasury, and good-naturedly revealing some of the secrets of the cabinet-room. In spite of the prevailing notion that an Englishman is deficient in his sense of humor, the share taken in the Gridiron merrymaking by two British members of the Anglo-American High Commission has convinced the club that there are exceptions to all rules; and the present Chinese Minister, Wu Ting-Fang, has made himself a name as a speech-maker at the club's dinners which the wittiest American orator might envy.

Now and then the club takes on a more serious air, as when Monsignor Satolli visited Washington for the first time, bearing the Pope's message to the American people. It did not comport with his plan to explain his mission through a formal publication, but he chose a Gridiron dinner as his medium of communication with the nation at large, under the impression that the speeches delivered at the club were sent broadcast over the country. When his error was discovered, the club's executive committee held a hasty meeting at midnight and voted to dissolve the usual injunction of secrecy for this one occasion, with the result that copies of Monsignor Satolli's speech were given to the two great press associations, and the wires bore it north, south, east, and west without delay. The club has also a beautiful illustrated and musical ritual for honoring, each January, the memory of the members who have died during the year just closed. This service is all the more impressive for its introduction in the midst of an evening's gayety.

The dinners which attract especial attention in the course of the season are the annual gathering at which the new president of the club takes his seat, and those called forth by special exigencies in public affairs. There was, for example, a dinner of welcome to the new President and cabinet in March, 1897. In the spring of last year, when it was obvious that nothing could avert an outbreak with Spain, there was a war dinner; and the first festivity after the cessation of hostilities was made a peace dinner, with most of the heroes of the war for guests. On each of these occasions the vaudeville entertainment rang the changes on the special topic which public events had brought into the foreground. Another memorable dinner, in 1893, was attended by the envoys from the new provisional government set up in Honolulu, one of whom described himself as standing, like the familiar statue of the French saint, with his own head under his arm. The actors in the vaudeville that night of course took pains to instruct the members of the provisional government as to the proper methods of administering Hawaiian affairs.

At the great dinners, which are now attended by from 150 to 200 persons, the table is set in the form of a gridiron, the guests lining its ribs, while behind the chair of the president is always suspended a huge gridiron made up of incandescent electric lights. And for the entire day preceding the dinner there floats from the flag-staff of the Arlington Hotel the black flag of the club with a white gridiron embroidered on it, the club thus taking its recognized place alongside of the royal personages, foreign envoys, and dignitaries of our own and other military establishments, as worthy of having its temporary abode under the hotel roof signalled to the world.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

Doolittle, Deserter

AN ARMY-POST INCIDENT

CONNECTICUT is a thrifty State. I have no fault to find with Connecticut on the score of thrift. I was once stationed at Fort Trumbull, near New London, in Connecticut, where I was a warrior, and unused to war's alarms. I did not with my sword quarter the world, but I used to wave it in the air and cut circles (at drill), and still in my dreams I can see the brave troops executing the right and left moulinet, to the terror of the enemy.

While I was stationed at the fort a young man named Doolittle deserted. Men desert and escape from places in Africa or Siberia or New South Wales, and go forth to fall victims to the wild beasts or the cold or the natives; and this is perhaps agreeable to prudence; but that a young man should deliberately leave Fort Trumbull and go out with a price upon his head into the State of Connecticut I can account for only on the theory that he did not appreciate the thrift of Connecticut as highly as I do; for, as I say, I have no fault to find with Connecticut on the score of thrift, and there is a statute providing a reward of $30 to be paid to any one returning a deserter.

It was in the early spring that the young man deserted the post and plunged into the fastnesses about us. He left no trace, and through the long summer we heard nothing of him. We continued to practise the moulinet, and to prepare ourselves to look grim-visaged war square in the eye.

One morning in the autumn, when the envious light was severing the laced clouds in the east, the sound of reveille went through the garrison grounds. The high notes of the bugle reverberated with double clamor through the sally-port of the stone fort wherein I had my casemate quarters.

Much displeased, for I was officer of the day, I arose, and girding on my sword, went out to inspect the guard. The cool tired winds of the morning were moving slowly through the land of slumber, and in the same way I moved towards the guard-house, intending, however, to move back more quickly to my bunk when the inspection was over.

The sergeant fell in the guard, and when the last note of reveille had sounded he reported, "All present, sir," and I thought the work was done; but immediately after making his report the sergeant added, "Doolittle is fetched back, sir." He nodded his head towards the deserter, whom I then noticed standing, a humble captive, between the files of the guard. "And there," continued the sergeant, "is the man that fetched him." And there, at one side, was a thrifty old man in a decent suit of black.

I never liked to transact any business at reveille, for it has a tendency to wake a man up.

"Very well, sergeant," said I, briskly, as if that completed the matter; "dismiss the guard," and I walked away. But the sergeant, carrying his musket, followed me, bringing Doolittle and Doolittle's captor.

"This man wants to talk to you," said the sergeant.

I thought to myself, "Well, if the man simply wants to talk, I don't know that there will be any harm in that." The man came alongside. He had the gray face and sharp features which we are accustomed to associate with statesmen.

"I have brought Mr. Doolittle back. I knew it was my duty. I understood that this was the place he deserted from, and so I have brought him back here. I have had to come quite a trip. I live up by Willimantic."

We came to my door, and stopped.

"It was my duty to bring him back. I suppose he will have to be punished, but I shall not regret it if it proves a lesson to him."

As he did not seem to come to any point, I thought I might as well wake up first as last.

"How did you happen to bring him back here?" I asked. "Where did you bring him from?"

"Well, he came along last spring. I live up by Willimantic, and he has been working for me since then. It was better for him to be employed—"

"When did you find out that he was a deserter?"

"He told me that—about the first. He wanted to kind of rely on some one. I brought him back as soon as the work was finished and I could get away."

The deserter looked hopeless, and as if he thought there was no use in making any plea of defence—as, indeed, there was not. I was sorry when I came to look at Doolittle. The night dew seemed to lie upon his dishevelled yellow hair, and his smooth face was downcast.

"I think," he managed to say, "that he might pay me for working all summer, anyway. He was going to give me $60 a year. He—he can't say but what I worked all right."

"No," said the thrifty man in black; "Charlie is a good worker. But it wouldn't do to give a deserter money to help him escape. Besides, he is breaking off, you might say, in the middle of the year."

"Well, you have brought him back," I said. "Sergeant, you can take Doolittle to the guard-house."

Doolittle turned away.

"Good-by, Charlie," said the man. The prisoner marched off, the sergeant following him with his musket. "Be a good boy, Charlie," said the man.

I put my hand to the door of my quarters and was going in.

"Of course he will have to be punished," said the man, "but I shall not regret it if it proves a lesson to him. I believe that I get a reward of thirty dollars for bringing him back."

"Is that it? You can see the commanding officer about that."

"When can I see him?"

"At guard-mounting, at nine o'clock."

"Not till then? Is this your house? I will go right in and sit with you, then, till nine."

"Not by a d——d sight."

The punishment for desertion was from two to four years in the military prison. Later in the fall, one morning after we had executed the right and left moulinet at drill, a court martial was held at the post, and, as zealous judge-advocate and prosecutor, I represented the government by relating to the court all that happened on the morning when I had been awakened at reveille. A grizzled old captain, who had been all through the civil war, who had fought the Indians, and had been shot and left for dead on the Lava Beds, and who was very strict in his ideas of discipline, said:

"So he worked him all summer, and kept him till the last crop was in, never paid him a cent, and then brought him back here and sold him out for thirty pieces? Humph!"

And immediately after that the court gave Doolittle the minimum sentence of two years, and on top of that signed a recommendation that this sentence be cut down to six months. And it was cut down.

But I have often wondered why the court did not give me a year or two myself for not thumping the old wretch for villany so wretched that it woke me up at reveille.

WILLISTON FISH.

The Arts and Crafts Movement of To-day

I.—ITS AIM, AND SOME REASONS FOR ITS ENCOURAGEMENT

A LITTLE cloud has appeared on the horizon. People interested in art are beginning to talk significantly to one another of the "Arts and Crafts Movement," and an Arts and Crafts Association has been formed in Boston, Chicago, and Minneapolis. At present the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand. But what does it portend? Will it bring abundance of rain? It is the object of this little series of papers to try to answer these questions, to arouse an interest in the matter, and to help to give point and pith to the movement.

In the National Museum at Naples, where the recovered treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum are stored, there is one room in which many visitors linger with particular interest. It contains the remains of furniture, household utensils, toilet accessories, and implements of various crafts and professions. An exceeding fascination of these things is that they bring the buried past so vividly before us; the men and women of that day are found to have been so strangely like those of our own. But one notices another thing—that the articles of most ordinary use exhibit the elegance and refinement of a cultivated taste. They are things of beauty as well as of use. We should be glad to place them in our parlors just for the pleasure of looking at them; and yet in their day they were made primarily for domestic use. Instinctively we exclaim, "Why cannot the objects of utility be as beautiful to-day?" The question brings us at once in touch with the purposes of the Arts and Crafts Movement. Its promoters say, in effect, "If this was possible in Pompeii at the commencement of the Christian era, possible also in every country at certain periods, why should it not be possible in America to-day?" Greek vases, Roman lamps, Egyptian jewelry, Etruscan mirrors, Indian wood and metal work, Chinese porcelain, Japanese wood-work, German iron-work, Italian glass and gold and silver ware, French, English, and our own Colonial furniture—these are only a few of the handicrafts in which some of the nations at certain periods have distinguished themselves. Why, in the case of the European nations and ourselves, has there been a distinct decadence of taste in the manufactured articles? And can nothing be done to recover it? Is taste dead? The Arts and Crafts promoters say: "No. If you apply the principles of art to the various crafts and industries the old taste will return, the power of creating beautiful things revive."

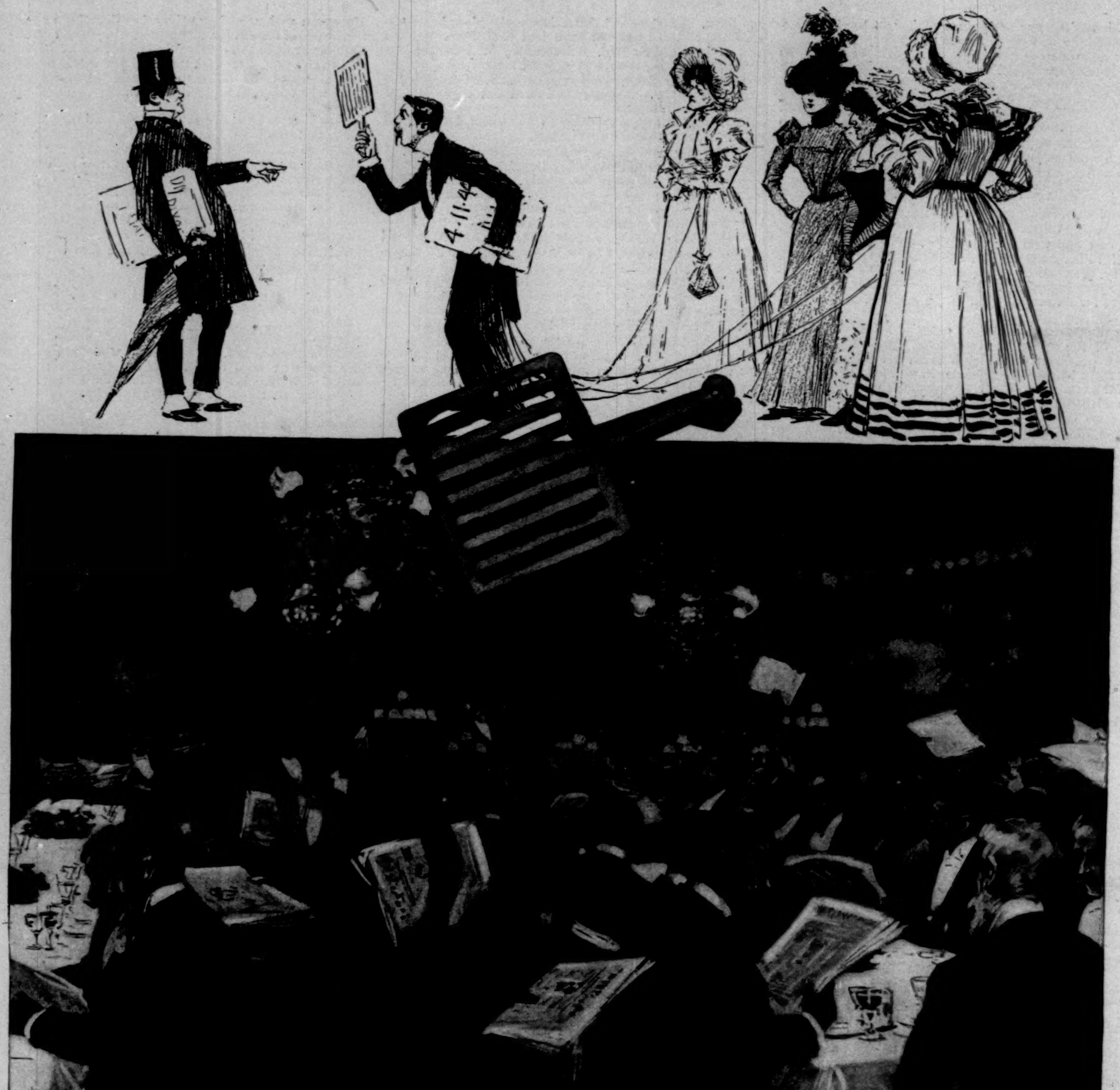
Now it must be stated at the outset, and most emphatically, that this is not a merely sentimental matter. If it were, one might despair of getting a hearing for it. It is eminently a practical one. It aims to improve the chances of the American manufacturer in the markets, to give the purchaser better value for his money, to increase the dignity and remuneration of labor, and to give a number of men and women, whose present mode of life is precarious, an opportunity of lucrative employment. This is so comprehensive and practical a programme that it surely deserves consideration of business men.

Perhaps the best way to quicken the reader's interest, and to set him thinking on the subject for himself, will be to cite a few suggestive cases which are not fancies, but *facts*. French silks are superior in design to those of American manufacture, and consequently fetch a higher price in the market. This is how a certain American manufacturer says he gets his designs: Every year a parcel of designs is sent over to him from France. (Note, in passing, that he pays money to a foreigner instead of to a home designer. The reason will be discussed later. Meanwhile there is so much money diverted from American pockets.) He cannot afford to reproduce these designs as they are, for his silks do not command so high a price. (The matter works round, you see, in a circle.) So he eliminates this or that feature—butchers the design, emasculates it. Fact No. 2: A certain gentleman has built a handsome house, and desires to have it suitably fitted and furnished. He puts the matter into the hands of a house-decorator. The latter shows his client a set of skilfully executed water-color drawings of interiors. They were procured from Paris for a mere song, and are signed not by the painter, but by the local house-decorator. The client chooses one—for example, *à la* Louis Quinze. The original of the drawing is some room in Paris upon which skilled artists were employed. The local decorator employs ordinary fresco-painters, and passes off on his client something only distantly resembling a Louis Quinze room. When it comes to the furniture, he selects from his foreign album copies of the chairs of the period, and if the commission is not lucrative steps over to the East Side. He has there a jobbing cabinet-maker who is dependent upon him for employment. The amount he offers per chair appalls the jobber, but the dealer is obdurate, and he has to submit. He, in his turn, sallies forth and finds some poor creature more dependent than himself, and screws the work out of him at little more than the price of food and drink. It is a case of the master kicking the valet and the valet retaliating on the buttons. Fact No. 3: In the majority of the factories the chief designers are foreigners and the designs imported. Every year thousands of students are graduated from our art schools, who try to get a living by painting pictures or supplying illustrations to the magazines and press. In both directions they find the market glutted.

Yet it must not be supposed for a moment that it is the intention of these articles to lay the blame for our decadence in taste exclusively upon the manufacturer. On the contrary, the latter is at the mercy of his conditions. His first consideration must be to make his business pay. That is his individual side of the question. He will accomplish this only when he gives the public what they want. It is a very safe axiom that in the long-run the public gets the best it deserves. If it does not get the best that it might, it is either because it desires no better than it gets or fails to make its wants felt. We have encouraged the application of science to the industries so heartily that we are surrounded by conveniences, big and little. We were quick to appreciate the advantages of science, and these applications of it have been brought within the reach of the poorest. If we had been as eager to encourage the application of art to the industries, the objects of the Arts and Crafts Movement would have been long since realized. Depend upon it, it is we, the public, who are primarily responsible for the decadence of taste. Very few of us cultivate our taste. We think we like a thing; we have a way of saying, "I know what I like." But do we really know? Something about the object has attracted us; but are we prepared to stand by its shape, proportion, color, workmanship, texture, and suitability? We need to cultivate our taste. We do not expect to understand French until we have studied it, and it is not by intuition only that we can appreciate the language of beauty.

Meanwhile we, the public, have another thing to answer for. We are eager, above all things, to buy cheaply. The Arts and Crafts Movement is not in the interests of the rich alone, but there is a limit to cheapness; a fair price for everything, and any reduction from that is at the sacrifice of some quality—its durability or artistic excellence. One of the greatest curses of modern life—certainly the greatest obstacle to artistic progress in the handicrafts—is this craving for bargains. "No, it may not be very pretty, and perhaps it won't last long, but it is so cheap!" Accordingly we add to our household something that very likely we could do without, and which has been produced by the degradation of the craftsman, because—it is cheap. This crime against humanity, taste, and commonsense has its root in a most vulgar failing—the love of display. One who has two thousand dollars a year wants to make as big a splash in the world as he who has three thousand; and so on through all the gradations of income. Before the days of machinery people submitted gracefully to the distinctions produced by wealth. What they could not afford they did without. Now machinery supplies a cheap imitation, and everybody must have it. Every year the number of these ambitious people increases and their wants multiply, so that the cheapness of even machine-made goods has to be further cheapened, at the expense of the lives of the artisans, the quality and durability of the work, and the disuse of skilled designers. Shall we blame the designers who are debarred from a livelihood, or the manufacturers who will fall out of the race, if they do not meet the demand? The fault, primarily, is with the great, well-to-do, thoughtless public who has fostered the production of cheap and tasteless goods. As we have sown, so have we reaped!

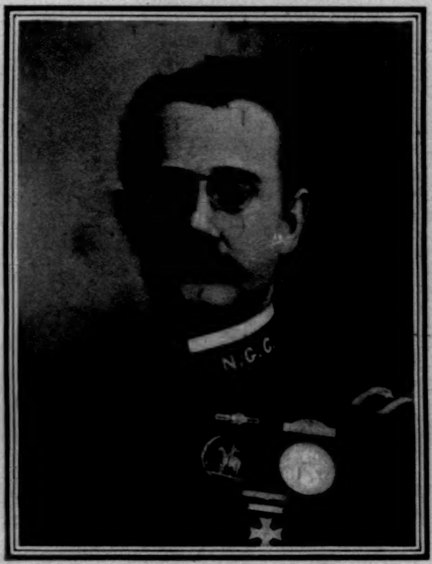
CHARLES H. CAFFIN.


THULSTRUP
DEPEW'S JOKES

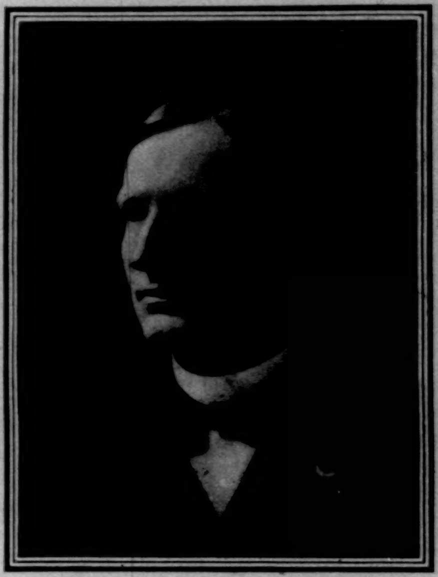
THE DINNER OF THE GRIDIRON CLUB AT THE ARLINGTON HOTEL, WASHINGTON—SCENE AS THE MOCK-VOTE ON THE TREATY WAS ANNOUNCED.

Drawn from Life by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 170.]

REV. JAMES MONROE TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.,
Recently elected President of Brown University.



BRIG.-GEN. IRVING HALE, U.S.V.,
Whose Brigade captured the Manila Water-works.



HON. PORTER J. McCUMBER,
The newly elected Senator from North Dakota.

Brown's New President

BROWN UNIVERSITY followed a well-established precedent on Wednesday, February 8, in electing a clergyman to its presidency.

Rev. James Monroe Taylor, D.D., LL.D., president of Vassar College and president-elect of Brown, was born fifty years ago last August, and graduated at the University of Rochester in 1868, and from the Rochester Theological Seminary in 1871. He studied and travelled a year in Europe before settling as pastor of a Baptist church at South Norwalk, Connecticut. From South Norwalk he went to the Fourth Baptist Church at Providence, and it was while occupying the pulpit there that he was elected to the Vassar presidency. He has now been at Vassar twelve years, and in that time the college has wonderfully prospered in numbers, influence, and resources.

Dr. Taylor is a deep historical student, and is described as a cultured gentleman of great good sense and administrative ability. He has an attractive presence and the desirable gift of tact. It is believed that his administration at Brown will be marked by an expansion of the usefulness and influence of the university, and that his unanimous election by the corporation, forecasting the harmonious rallying of Brown men about him, will have a favorable effect on the collection, now in progress, of a two-million-dollar endowment fund. Brown, like most New England colleges, has sorely suffered in the past for lack of money.

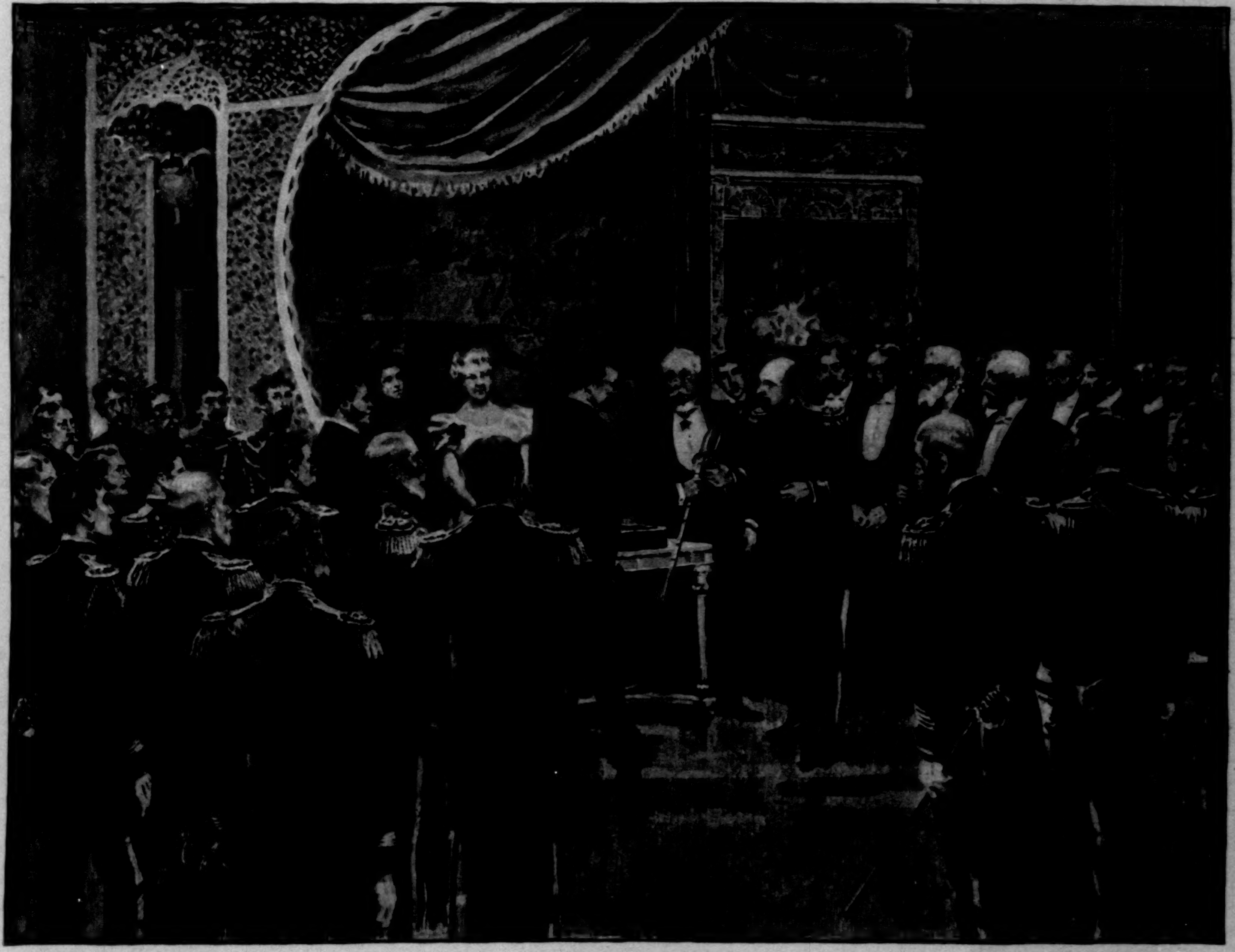
President Taylor will find in Brown a university of one hundred and thirty-five years' honorable standing, a student body numbering nearly one thousand, and a congenial and cultured surrounding community. While, as the nominating committee of the corporation pointed out in its report of recommendation, the same qualities of leadership and administration that have made him successful in the presidency of a college for young women should adapt him to the headship of a university for young men, he may be expected to take a particular interest in the Women's College at Brown, which, in the half-dozen years of its existence, has grown to be an institution with 165 students, and has built for itself, with the help of the loyal women of Rhode Island, a handsome home, to which the name of Pembroke Hall has been given, in honor of Pembroke College, Cambridge, from which Roger Williams graduated.

HENRY ROBINSON PALMER.

Senator McCumber

AT the conclusion of a factional contest for the office of United States Senator from North Dakota, a compromise candidate, Porter J. McCumber, of Wahpeton, was elected to succeed William Nathaniel Roach by the Republican vote on January 20.

Mr. McCumber attained his position as a leader through his own unaided efforts. He is now only forty-three years old. His parents, who came from Scotland, were living in Chicago when he was born, but a little later they removed to Rochester, Minnesota. The boy's training began at the public schools and was completed in the law department of the University of Michigan. At the age of twenty-four he went to North Dakota, settling first at Lisbon, and in the course of the next year moving to Wahpeton, where he made a reputation as a thorough lawyer, a brilliant orator, and an able politician. He was a member of the Territorial House and Council in 1885–6, and, as County Attorney, distinguished himself by his efforts to enforce the prohibition law.



GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT PRESENTING A SWORD OF HONOR TO COMMODORE JOHN W. PHILIP, U.S.N., AT THE RESIDENCE OF MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL F. BUTTERFIELD, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1899.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. LUIS MORA.

Third Battle of Manila

MAY 1, 1898, August 13, 1898, February 4 and 5, 1899—these are the dates of the three battles of Manila. The first victory was unattended with loss to our side; the second cost about fifty men, killed or wounded; in the third, the list of our casualties was five times as great as in the second. The losses suffered by Spaniards and natives on these three occasions (and the Filipinos must strictly be regarded as subjects of Spain until Spain has ratified the treaty of peace) will never be quite accurately stated; they were probably about eleven or twelve times as severe as ours.

The affair of August 13 and the affair of last week have one point of resemblance which may be misleading: both occurred after the protocol had been signed. But the participants in the former were not aware of the agreement to suspend hostilities, and the fall of Manila was therefore an event pertaining to the conclusion of the war with Spain, while the recent attack of the Filipinos was the beginning of a new matter, a riot on a grand scale, in which more men fell fighting than in any battle of the war of 1898. The number may well be compared, taking both sides together, with the sum of all the casualties in the entire Santiago campaign.

Firing began at a quarter before nine o'clock on Saturday evening, February 4.

Two native soldiers refused to obey the order of a sentry who challenged them, as they advanced toward the outpost of the First Nebraska Regiment, stationed between Manila and Santa Mesa. The necessity of maintaining the integrity of our lines, especially at night, had been impressed upon all by the conduct of certain Filipinos who had slipped through a week earlier and attempted to assassinate American soldiers. The Nebraska sentry again called upon the two natives to halt, and, as they paid no attention to his order, levelled his rifle and fired upon them. The sequel shows that they had been sent for precisely this purpose, to draw the sentry's fire, as part of a preconcerted plan to place the responsibility for beginning the action upon our troops, and to make America appear the aggressor.

IGORROTE WARRIORS FROM NORTH LUZON.

Twenty thousand Filipinos in their trenches, block-houses, and little villages dotting the plain evidently thought themselves ready to drive the American lines in upon the city. They possessed several quick-firing and Krupp field-guns; many of them were armed with Mausers of the latest pattern, and a number of Spanish soldiers had joined their ranks. On the other hand, some of them were mere savages who had never seen modern artillery, and had only bows and arrows to oppose to Gatling guns; such were the half-naked Igorrotes, who were given "the post of honor" in front of an American battery.

To this mob, and to the people of the islands generally, Aguinaldo had issued a proclamation earlier in the day, ordering his followers to regard Americans as invaders, and to treat them as enemies.

About thirteen thousand of our troops were holding the positions formerly occupied by the Spaniards, midway between Manila and the bands of Filipinos north, east, and south of the city. A semicircular fighting-line, seventeen miles in length, was formed of the following regiments, beginning with those stationed on Manila Bay north of the capital: the Twentieth Kansas, First Montana, Tenth Pennsylvania, and Third Artillery, under Brigadier-General Harrison G. Otis; the First South Dakota, First Colorado, and First Nebraska, commanded by General Hale, supported by Batteries A and B of the Utah Light Artillery, under General McArthur, northeast to east of the city, the First California, First Idaho, First Wyoming, and First Washington, under General King, east and southeast, near the Pasig River; the Fourth Cavalry, Fourteenth Infantry, First North Dakota Infantry, and Sixth Artillery Division, commanded by General Anderson, near the shore south of the city.

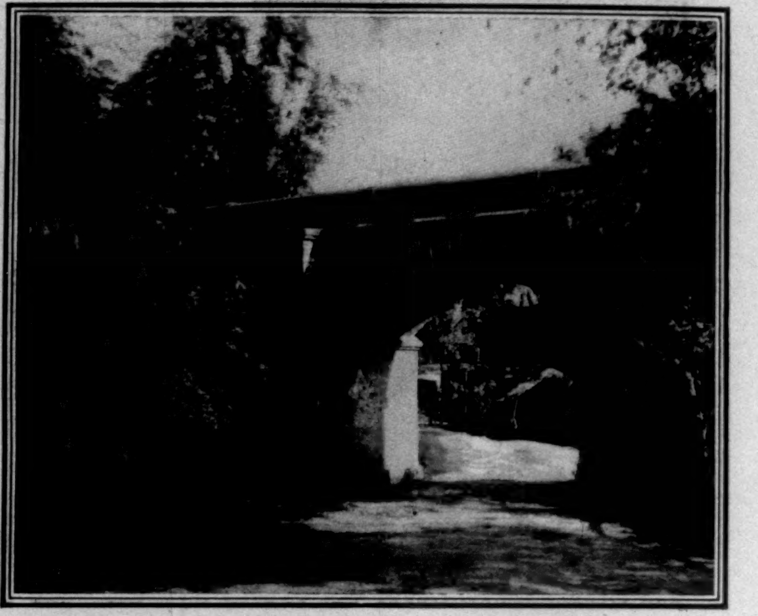
Like an echo of the sentry's shot a gun was fired from Block-house No. 7, and the signal for attacking our troops had been given. The Nebraska regiment was made the first target; presently, however, the firing spread on both sides along the confronting lines. On the north the Filipinos were concentrating at Caloocan and at Gagalangin, where they had mounted two siege-guns; on the east, at Santa Mesa, the attack was hot; southward, near Paco, there was evidence of an intention to advance against Anderson's command. A lull in the firing from midnight until about four o'clock in the morning was succeeded by a new outburst all along the Filipino line.

And so matters stood while the darkness lasted, the American rifles and light artillery replying to Mausers, and it was all inconclusive. But when day broke the *Charleston*, the *Concord*, and the captured gunboat *Callao* opened fire on the enemy's troops north of the city, the monitor *Monadnock* shelling those on the south; and a little later the captured light-draught gunboat *Laguna de Bay* went up the Pasig, and plied her Gatling guns with terrible accuracy at Santa Ana. And our land forces, advancing over rice-fields and through dense undergrowth and bamboo thickets, in which the enemy had constructed intrenchments, pressed the natives back and captured the villages of San Juan del Monte, Santa Ana, San Pedro Macati, and Santa Mesa. General King's brigade charged a force of Filipinos, far superior in numbers, and drove them in confusion toward the Pasig River, in which many were drowned. The Nebraskans captured a howitzer and carried a good position near the water-works, about five miles east of the city. On the southeast the Filipinos made a stand in the Paco church, until the building was shelled by Captain Dyer's battery, Sixth Artillery, and set on fire by California volunteers; then, of those who had not been killed in the church, some were shot as they ran out and others were captured.

At noon on Sunday the firing of the Filipinos slackened. "Our casualties," Major-General Otis says in his report, "probably aggregate 250." The Filipino loss is estimated at 4000. Wounded Filipinos found in the trenches were taken to the American field hospitals and cared for, while a great number of captives were placed in the military prison at Manila.

During the fight there was intense excitement in the city, where order was maintained by Minnesota volunteers, serving as police. The bombardment made a Manilan holiday for thousands, who flocked to view it as a curious spectacle from the water-front; other citizens, hugging their security at home, hung out white flags, or neutral flags, as an additional precaution, until the city looked as though it had made ready for some dilatory procession, but from the windows of these very houses the American patrols were fired upon. Women of the foreign colony were sent to the transports for safety, while, as though to replace these, hundreds of women refugees began to arrive from the destroyed villages, seven or eight of which, plainly visible from the Manila Observatory, were burnt and battered down, lest they should serve again to shelter the treacherous enemy.

IGORROTE SPEAKMEN.



THE PRINCIPAL WATER-MAIN AND VIADUCT—SAN JUAN DEL MONTE.

On Monday morning, February 6, there was light firing at long range. Late in the afternoon General Hale's brigade won a position the control of which had become indispensable: it took possession of the water-works at Singalon, four companies of the Nebraskans and a part of the Utah battery encountering a force of Filipinos on the hill and dispersing them, though with a loss of two Nebraskans killed and three wounded. Sergeant Young of the Utah battery was wounded, captured, murdered, and mutilated.

On Tuesday, February 7, our forces had advanced far enough towards the north to discover that Caloocan, six miles from the city, was held with savage determination. A reconnoitring party, attacked by a body of Filipinos, was in great danger, when a charge by Kansas troops, led by Colonel Funston, drove the enemy behind their intrenchments with heavy loss. In this encounter Lieutenant Alford was killed and six Kansans wounded.

In addition to his proclamation of February 4, Aguinaldo issued another on the 5th, calling on all to resist foreign invasion. But he fights and fawns at the same time. General Otis was able to report to the War Department on Wednesday, February 8, that the dictator's "influence throughout this section is destroyed; he now applies for a cessation of hostilities and a conference; I have declined to answer." In the same despatch we read that the Philippine army is disintegrated, and the natives are returning to their villages, displaying white flags. But such armies always scatter after a fight; and in Cuba it was the policy of Gomez and Maceo never to keep a large force of insurgents in one place.

MARRION WILCOX.

LONDON

January 28, 1899.

THE settlement of the Upper Nile Valley is impeded by a break-down of the military and administrative arrangements in the East-African protectorate. Government are reticent as to the facts. Enough, however, is known to me from private correspondence to raise serious apprehensions as to the conduct of affairs in the Uganda protectorate. The question of an inquiry will be raised in both Houses of Parliament. Mutiny among the black troops appears to be chronic, and, so far as can be judged from the published evidence, the mutineers have serious grievances to complain of. Encouraged perhaps by Lord Kitchener's economical but successful management of the Egyptian campaign, the Foreign Office, which is responsible for the management of the Uganda protectorate, but includes no Cromers or Kitcheners on its staff, has attempted to govern this immense territory with economy, but without success. An effort is made, of course, to condemn off-hand the British officers on the spot. Mr. Berkeley, the administrator, however, has hinted pretty broadly in his last report that the fear of an increase in the estimates was a governing factor in the situation. In other words, he has been asked to make bricks without straw. The public is shocked with the annals of mutiny and murder recorded ever since the protectorate was formally announced, in August, 1894. The Uganda Railway, already opened for two hundred miles, which is being built at a cost of $15,000,000, has not yet reached the point at which it would be serviceable for the transport of troops and stores, while the whole credit is alleged to be exhausted. The line is to be 670 miles in length, and 470 miles of heavy marching under an equatorial sun still divide the rail head from the seat of government. Imperial expansion of this type is costly. Its advantages are invisible.

IN 1895 a government caravan party, consisting of 1200 men with Mr. Andrew Dick, were killed on the Uganda road. Black troops who behave admirably under English officers in Nubia, and win battle after battle in the Sudan, have been in a chronic state of mutiny, owing to arrears of pay, unduly hard work, and other preventable causes. Many British officers have been killed, including Major Thurston, Lieutenant Fielding, Lieutenant MacDonald, and the loss of other valuable lives is also recorded. The Rev. G. L. Pilkington, a missionary, remarkable for self-sacrifice and nobility of life, was also among the slain. The contrast between the settlement of the Sudan by Kitchener or of Ashanti by the Colonial Office and the failure of the Foreign Office in Uganda is too sharply defined to escape public opinion. Failure to command the allegiance of British mercenaries carries the mind back to the scandals of imperialism in the last century. Privileged ignorance in 1776, as was wittily said by Sheridan, lost thirteen colonies and eight islands during the term of office of a single ministry. Privileged ignorance in the Foreign Office to-day has given a set-back to legitimate expansion.

THE danger of giving too little power to the Executive is being vividly illustrated in America's Philippine problem. The evils of giving too much are exemplified in Foreign Office mismanagement in Uganda. In addition to the $15,000,000 spent on the railway, a very large sum of money will now have to be provided for the purpose of restoring law and order, and when peace reigns once more in Central Africa, plain men will ask themselves what benefit is derived from the extension of the empire in equatorial Africa at a distance from the sea or from the valleys of the great navigable rivers which form the suitable sphere of influence of the Anglo-Saxon people. Commodities that are so valuable as to be profitable after a land transport in the tropics of more than five hundred miles are few, and they have not been found in central Africa. Agricultural products—even coffee and spices—are not among them, and unless the precious minerals or diamonds are discovered in payable quantities it is difficult to perceive any other issue to the spread of the empire in inaccessible and savage regions, uninhabitable by white laborers, than a fiasco that must be either ridiculous or tragical.

THE opening of Parliament on February 7 will be remarkable by the entry into public notice of the head of one of our greatest and most historical families of hereditary statesmen. The Duke of Bedford is to move the Address in reply to the speech from the throne. Each session of Parliament, I may explain, begins with a speech from the Queen. Until her Majesty's retirement this speech was delivered in person, but for many years the duty has been confided to commissioners, much to the disadvantage of English monarchy. Both Houses of Parliament move an Address to the throne in reply to the speech. The motion is confided to a mover and seconder chosen from the ranks of the supporters of the ministry of the day. To be thus chosen is a distinction eagerly sought after by ambitious young politicians, and sometimes by politicians who are neither young nor ambitious. The peers and members of Parliament who have moved the Address during the last forty years, as a rule, have subsequently taken a conspicuous part in public life. The choice of the young Duke of Bedford and his acceptance of the task of moving the Address in the House of Lords is a significant fact. The strawberry leaves in the coronet of the Russell family rarely descend from father to son. Some mysterious fate seems to dog the footsteps of the eldest sons of the dukes of Bedford. The present Duke was a younger son. He entered the army, and as aide-de-camp to the Earl of Northbrook saw men and things at the Viceregal Court in India. While in India he became attached to a very charming girl, the daughter of a clergyman, without special means or connections. Shortly after the marriage took place the then Duke of Bedford, still a young man, died suddenly without issue, and the present Duke and his beautiful Duchess returned to England to take up their great inheritance.

THE number of people employed or resident on the Bedford estates amounts to nearly 20,000. It is said that the Duke, who has thoroughly mastered the administration of his vast properties, knows every laborer on the estate by name and by sight. Although retiring and even shy, the Duke of Bedford is a fine speaker. As an author he has made a reputation among statesmen and thinkers by a remarkable work on the *Organization and Management of a Great Estate*, wherein he proved incontrovertibly the advantage to England and the empire when great land-owners, as is generally the case, are possessed with the sense of responsibility. In proof of this statement, his Grace took the unusual course of publishing the income and expenditure of the Bedford rural estates from 1815 to the present day. He showed that out of a total income of $29,489,905 no less than $21,152,695 had been put back into the estates, most of which was due to the voluntary recognition of the principle that profit was not a primary consideration with the dukes of Bedford, but that good housing, education, and sanitation for the tenantry and laborers were of greater importance.

THE Duke of Bedford lives at Woburn Abbey, every room and corridor of which is redolent of English history. In most country houses one admires one's host's pictures—generally other people's ancestors. At Woburn the freedom which has been won for England by the Whigs is recorded in the portraits of four centuries of patriot Russells. When the present ministry was formed the Duke of Bedford was offered and refused the position of Master of the Horse. His intellect and his powers are scarcely known outside a small circle, but the fact that the Duke moves the Address in the House of Lords is construed as a sign that at no distant date the head of the house of Russell will follow the traditions of his ancestors and enter public life. The number of men, even in English-speaking countries, who are raised by birth and fortune above the temptations of place and pay, is all too few, and hence the great benefit to the country of young men of stainless reputation and great position entering the hurly-burly of practical politics.

THE confusion in the ranks of the once famous Liberal party is indescribable. Lord Rosebery has resigned; Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley have followed his example. Mr. Gladstone is dead. The party is hopelessly divided, both on home and foreign affairs, a portion, the majority, agreeing with the government in its imperialism, while the minority cling to the more timid counsels fashionable in the early Victorian era, when the colonies were looked on as burdens, and extension of the empire was an idea anathema maranatha. Two out of three of the Liberal whips are imperialist in opinion — Mr. W. A. MacArthur and Mr. Munro Ferguson. I learn that Sir William Harcourt is very sore at the conduct of the whips, and believes them to be guilty of disloyalty. This charge is warmly repudiated, and I have reason to know that one at least of the Liberal whips was actually arranging for the surrender of his own safe seat to Sir William Harcourt on his defeat at Derby in 1895, when the news arrived that a Welsh constituency had given him shelter. Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, who is to be the new Liberal leader, is already known as "C. B." In Mr. Gladstone's time the House of Commons only knew the Grand Old Man as "Mr. G." An abbreviation of this sort is regarded not only as a distinction, but as a sign of popularity.

WHEN Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman faces Mr. Balfour, Scotchmen will represent both the government and the opposition in the House of Commons. It is always the unexpected that happens, but the government are too strong to be healthy. There is no longer any real difference of opinion about essentials in political life. Other subjects, however, may soon come within the arena of practical politics which will create a new cleavage in national opinion. Sir William Harcourt is astute enough to perceive that the traditional antipathy of Englishmen to sacerdotal aggression is one of these topics.

ARNOLD WHITE.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

BEST BECAUSE NATURAL.

THE market is flooded with so-called baby foods. Experience demonstrates that scientifically prepared cow's milk is the best when the natural supply fails. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food.—[*Adv.*]

SEASON GOSSIP.

IT is a struggle of elegance which will last all winter, a most courteous struggle, where the arms employed are satins, silks, and laces, under the brilliant standard of fashion. Until now, victory is on the side of the lovely mondaines, queens of the season, who have adopted as a rally signal the VIOLETTES RUSSES which ORIZA-LEGRAND has created for them.—[*Adv.*]

"GOOD health waits on good digestion." Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, waits on both. Abbott's.—[*Adv.*]

DANGER of impure water is avoided by 20 drops of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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STATEMENT
For the year ending December 31, 1898
According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME	
Received for Premiums	$42,318,748 51
From all other Sources	12,687,880 92
	$55,006,629 43
DISBURSEMENTS	
To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	$13,265,908 00
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	11,485,751 35
For all other accounts	10,493,379 53
	$35,245,038 88
ASSETS	
United States Bonds and other Securities	$160,956,141 33
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	68,503,580 90
Loans on Bonds and other Securities	9,396,619 00
Real Estate appraised by Insurance Superintendents at $23,534,826.88: Book Value	20,604,849 61
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	11,621,377 36
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	6,434,957 16
	$277,517,325 36
LIABILITIES	
Policy Reserves, etc.	$233,058,640 68
Contingent Guarantee Fund	42,238,684 68
Divisible Surplus	2,220,000 00
	$277,517,325 36
Insurance and Annuities in force	$971,711,997 79

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.
CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

From the Divisible Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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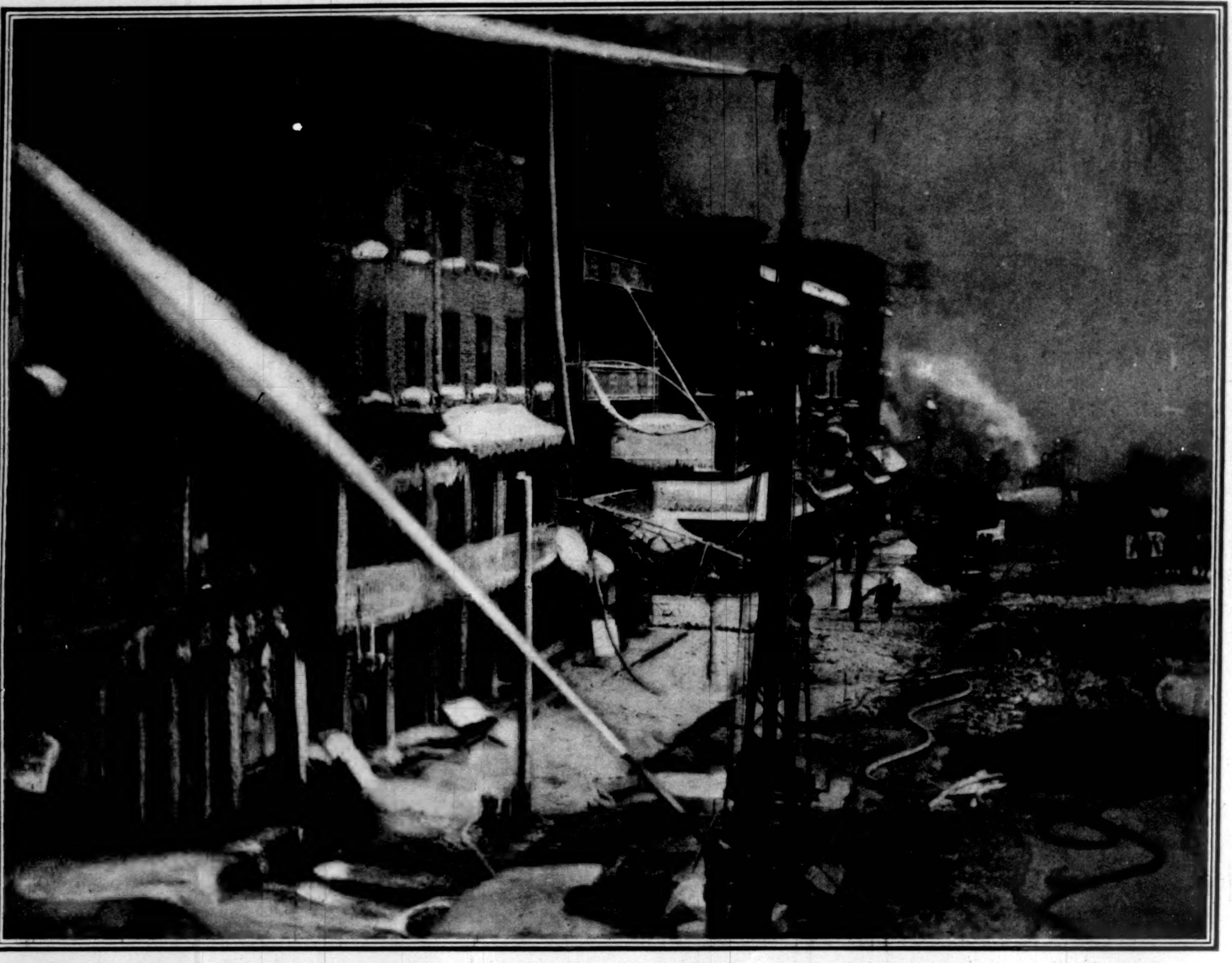

THE BIG FIRE AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9—LOOKING NORTH ON FRONT STREET FROM THE SOUTH FERRY.

HAVANA

January 30, 1899.

THE Cuban question may be said to have three points of view—that of the Cuban, that of the American, and that of the Spaniard. The Cuban considers and comments upon the happening of to-day or to-morrow from his standpoint of ultimate freedom and independence for his country. The Spaniard is largely credited with being a strong annexationist, therefore any argument which points out the tendency of our country to retain possession of this island finds favor in his eyes. The point of view of the American in Cuba is varied; the army is very busy with the vast amount of detail incident to a policy of autocratic government still in a more or less chaotic and experimental stage, and the American promoter—the man with capital at home waiting his call, and his pocket full of the best options in the island—is swayed by his personal interest, and emphatically declares the Cubans can never learn properly to govern themselves.

From the standpoint of the Cuban the most important political question of the last week has been the payment of the Cuban Army of Liberation. There are some thirty or forty thousand armed Cuban soldiers—their exact number does not seem to be generally known—who are still living on the country in its impoverished condition, waiting to be paid a money gratification for their great work of liberating the land from the yoke of Spain. The Cuban army has a high opinion of itself. The crowds shout when they pass; they are, in the public eye, the only tangible thing upon which the exultant islanders can shower their pent-up feelings of happiness at the recent change in their condition, and the natty blue uniform of a Cuban officer, with its golden stars and its golden lace, is a pleasing thing to wear about the city.

The Cuban leaders are holding the army together until it is paid. They led their men to victory in the field; they will stand faithfully by their commands until each soldier is paid for his three years' service to his country. The Cuban reasons why this should be done are logical. In the first place, it is due the men. The money thus given out would be the greatest factor in the country's reconstruction; it would permit each soldier to lay down his rifle and take to hoes, ploughs, planting, or the mechanical trade for which he is fitted. Cuba lays her right to demand the payment of her army upon the following grounds: The custom receipts of the island belong to the Cubans, and while it is true the United States collect and hold them, this is done only in trust, and the custom moneys should rightfully be expended upon Cuba itself. Now if Cuba were free and independent, its first step would be to fulfil its sacred duty to the army of liberators by giving them their due. Therefore Cuba requests a loan, estimated at from forty to sixty million dollars, from the United States for this purpose, giving as security these custom receipts. If Cuba were free to-day—if the United States were not a factor in the question—such a loan as is requested from our government could be readily placed with some foreign power, and the matter could thus be easily adjusted. This is their position and these their contentions, and the matter is daily growing in importance. From all over the island patriotic leagues, city councils, private individuals, and officers of the army are sending to the Havana papers their views upon the subject, and none of these expressions of opinion differs materially from the review of the situation herein set down. Cubans feel that the importance of the payment of their army is not realized in Washington, and rumors of what the forty thousand armed men in the country will do if they are not soon paid have not been wanting. It is improbable that the discontented army would ever take to the bush in large numbers against the Americans; they would have few, if any, resources with which to maintain warfare, and such action would be discountenanced by the great majority of the Cubans. But it is conceivable that some fire-eating Cuban officer, declaring loudly that the insults of the American authority are more humiliating to the Cubans than were ever those of Spain, will persuade some band of over-patriotic Cuban soldiers to follow him back to the bush life of last year. For some days past correspondents in Havana have been on the lookout for news of such an uprising, and its possibility has been foreseen by the American military authorities. The three regiments of American cavalry in Cuba have been so distributed through the provinces that they are to-day prepared to stamp out any such movement.

It is not known in Havana what action the government of the United States will take with regard to this burning question of payments. Mr. Robert P. Porter and Señor Quesada arrived in Havana last night from New York, and this morning they proceeded eastward to talk with Maximo Gomez at San Juan de los Remedios, in the province of Santa Clara. The arrival of these gentlemen was followed by much local excitement and interest, for it was soon rumored that Mr. Porter was authorized to arrange for the payment of the Cuban army with $3,000,000 advanced by our government, and that if General Gomez would not accept this comparatively small amount, then Mr. Porter was to learn from the Santo Dominican general what sum he would take in exchange for the disbanding and the disarming of the Cuban army. It is understood that General Gomez wants three years' pay for twenty major-generals, two hundred brigadiers, thousands of minor officers, and thirty thousand of the rank and file.

It will take at least $30,000,000 to do this, and there is no intimation that the United States will advance this large amount to be a burden of debt upon Cuba for years to come. Just what Cuba and General Gomez will say and do when this situation develops is hard to foretell.* Both Señor Quesada and Señor Lanuza, recently arrived from Washington, strongly advise the people to accept this three million, and later, by means of public petitions, to ask from the United States a further loan for the same purpose. It is to be hoped that the recommendations of these two Cuban gentlemen will be followed, and that the near future will see the disarming and disbanding of the Cuban army.

It has so often been said that the Cubans are like children, and should be treated as such, that the comparison has become trite and tiresome. Yet there is much truth in the remark. The United States are embarking upon a policy of consideration and liberality towards the Cubans which in the future may bring to us the same troubles that come to the parent who gets for a crying child everything the wilful child desires. Eventually the child bawls for the moon; then the situation becomes unbearable and the child must be corrected. If from the beginning a better policy had been pursued, the parent in the one case and the government of the United States in the other would not be forced to unpleasant and corrective measures. The Cubans think highly of themselves. They consider they have gained their freedom from the yoke of Spain because of their strenuous efforts, and that in this their hour of victory they stand in a privileged position.

It was announced not long ago that the Spanish Bank in Cuba would collect the taxes due the United States since January 1, 1899, and also that the delinquent taxes of 1898 would have to be paid. A storm of protest, directed to Washington, as well as to General Brooke at Havana, followed this announcement. Petitioners were persistent, and the whole island lifted its voice against the abuse. When it was later announced that the Spanish Bank would not collect, and that delinquent taxes would be remitted, the people of Cuba saw the result of their protesting action, and their feelings of importance and independence were flattered. They did not realize that General Brooke had passed upon the matter, and in their favor, long before it had come to their active attention, and that his letter of recommendations to Washington had more to do with the remission of their taxes and the death-blow to the Bank of Spain than did all their protesting; they only saw obedience to the voice of the people. In the same way the Cubans have been calling upon us to pay their army, and to-day the President's emissary is discussing with General Gomez the best method to accomplish this end. Thus are they shown by another practical example the value of concerted protest against anything they do not like. And the habit of protest will grow with them. Señor Lanuza, in an interview published in *La Discusion*, calls attention to the success of the country's public protest against the collection of taxes by the Spanish Bank, and advocates the same method to obtain a loan from the United States, over and above the three millions already promised, for the further payment of the army.

Since December of last year the United States have distributed, through their army in Cuba, some three million rations to the poor, and this work is going on as actively as ever. Since the 1st of January we have installed numberless Cubans in civil positions and given work to thousands of laborers. Everything the Cubans have wanted has been given them, and the idea that the government, the army, and the resources of the United States are at the disposition of the people of this island is growing. We have been too lenient and generous, and when the time comes to correct the child whom we have spoiled, the criticisms of Cuba upon our harsh and tyrannical conduct will be unreasonable and hot-headed, to say the least.

HAROLD MARTIN.

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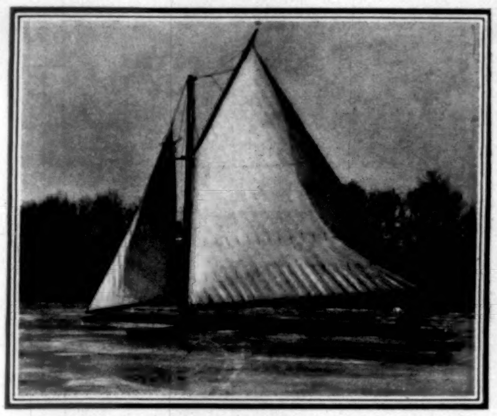
* A cable despatch from Havana, dated February 2, announced that General Gomez had agreed to the disbandment of the Cuban army in consideration of the sum of $3,000,000, which "shall not be regarded as part payment of salary or wages due for services rendered, but to facilitate the disbandment of the army, as a relief for suffering, and as an aid in getting the people to work."

AMATEUR SPORT

GOLFERS are hoping that the forth-coming meeting of the U. S. G. A. will result in some needed and intelligent adjustment of indefinite definitions.

It is strange that there should be any possible doubt as to the meaning of the word amateur. The rule-makers have collaborated, but there is no wisdom in the mere multiplication of definitions; the more complicated we make the ethical test, the easier it is to drive a coach and four through it. The hair-splittings, the evasions, the underhand breaches of the spirit of the law—these things are not the result of ignorance, nor of any general confusion as to essential principles. Every intelligent man knows the difference between professionalism and honest amateur sport.



COMMODORE HIGGINSON'S *WINDWARD*,
Winner of the Kidd Pennant.

The amateur pursues hunting or football or golf, or whatever it may be, for the pure love of the sport, and for no other possible reason. The instant any sort of material consideration is suffered to get the upper hand, in that selfsame moment the man forfeits his amateur status: he is no longer the sportsman.

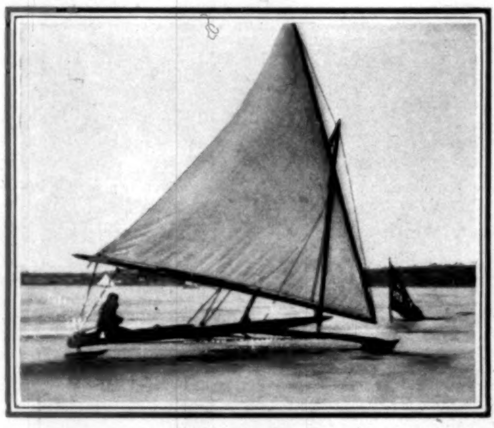
What we want are clear rules, so that club committees may be able to draw the line between the man who pursues sport for its own sake, and the man who goes in for it because it pays him.

LINES have always been drawn with strictness in golf, and the eligibility tests adopted by the U. S. G. A. are even more severe than the foreign requirements. There are some ten categories under which a player may be debarred from amateur privileges, and the general principle is that he may not derive any material profit from his skill or interest in the game. This is quite as it should be, but the association has gone a step further, and has declared, in Section 10 of the by-laws:

> No person shall be eligible to compete for the amateur championship, nor in any golfing contest between club members of this Association, who, after January 1, 1897, has received compensation for services performed in any athletic organization or in any capacity connected with the game of golf.

Of course the intent of this ruling is right enough, but there is a looseness in the wording that clouds its meaning, and calls for revision.

What is meant by "in any capacity connected with the game of golf"? To cite a case in illustration, Mr. Cox, the manager of the golf department in a well-known house of athletic outfitters, having carefully read over Section 10, wrote to the Executive Committee of the Association and asked for a ruling on his status as an amateur. He was informed that he was debarred, and the ruling has since been upheld on several occasions in his case. But on what grounds? Certainly a business firm that deals in sporting goods is in no sense of the word an "athletic organization." Such a decision would be arrant bosh. Apparently Mr. Cox is disqualified on the supposition that he receives "compensation for services performed .... in any capacity connected with the game of golf."



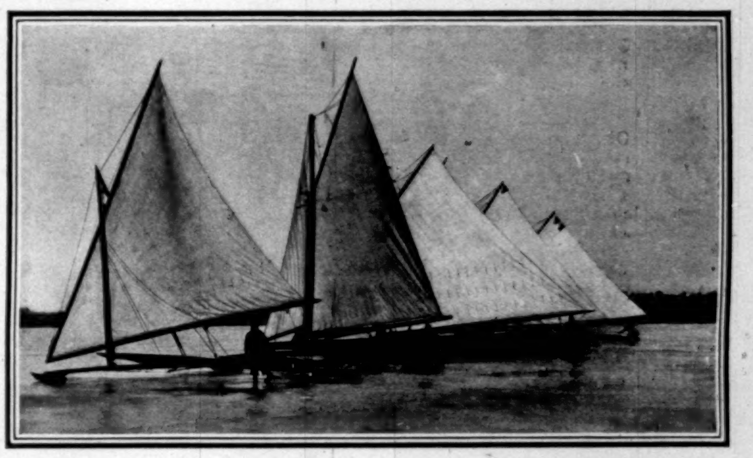
THE LATEEN-RIGGED *GRAZIELLA* ROUNDING
STAKE FOR HIGGINSON CUP.

Now it is evident that if Mr. Cox was accustomed to do business on the links; if his salary depended upon commissions secured through the sale of clubs; if he was in the habit of using his golfing connections for the purpose of drumming up trade—why, then he was properly debarred and deserved to lose his amateur standing. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cox is a member in good standing of two or three well-known clubs; he plays the game solely for the love of it, and he has never attempted to use golf for the purpose of business. If he is rightfully debarred, then there are half a dozen other men connected with golf-goods manufacturing who are equally ineligible.

BE it understood that I am not undertaking a crusade in behalf of Mr. Cox; but there is an apparent anomaly in his position which the officers of the U. S. G. A. should explain. In golf, as in every other sport, there are plenty of men who maintain their amateur standing in the letter of the law, which they continually break in the spirit. The "rounder" who appears at all the open meetings, in order that he may pick up a few stray dollars in book-making, is a much more objectionable person than any honest "pro." If, then, the committee, in debarring Cox, believe that they are acting up to the spirit of the rules, why do they not call to an accounting some of the other offenders, and pillory the gentlemen book-makers and the pot-hunters, and those who confess to supporting themselves through their golfing and other sporting attainments?

Or is it necessary that the player should make a formal request for judgment in order that it may be passed upon him? There is obvious inconsistency in the theory and the practice of this ruling, and no association, however powerful, can afford to do an act of injustice. The matter ought to be cleared up, and neither party to the controversy should shirk the investigation.

AT the annual meeting of the Golf Association the question of limiting the entry list in the Amateur Championships will more than likely come up again. The subject has been pretty thoroughly discussed from every possible point of view, and the general opinion seems to be that no restriction can constitutionally be placed upon the number of entries.



START FOR THE HIGGINSON CUP, ORANGE LAKE, NEWBURGH, N. Y.

UNDER present conditions every member of every club in the organization has the right to have his entry received, and no qualifying test can be imposed upon him. At Chicago in 1897 the field was of small size, but at Morristown last October it was only by good luck and the use of artificial light that the last pair was enabled to hand in its medal scores for the double round. It was not a question of getting started early enough in the morning, for the first pair left the tee shortly after seven o'clock. The real trouble was that the course could not accommodate more than a certain number of players, and delay at the eighteenth tee may be as fatal to one's chances as failure to get off at the first.

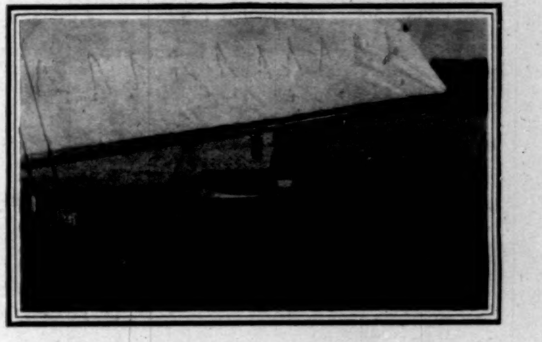
It has been suggested that the date of the meeting might be changed to June or July, when the days are longer. This would give partial relief, but if the field were still too large, either the medal round would have to be cut down to eighteen holes or the thirty-six would have to be spread out over two days' play, or one round for each day. Fortunately the entry list last year did not increase in proportion to the spread of the game, or the Executive Committee would have been completely swamped. The cutting off of the long-driving contests, handicap cups, and other side-shows was a wise step, and assisted in reducing the number of entries. As the standard of skill increases, it seems probable that the matter will adjust itself in the survival of the fittest. Failing that, the only other solution is the establishment of State championship meetings, so that a player would have to take a respectable rank in his home organization in order to be eligible to enter the national event. This, indeed, seems to me the ultimate and wisest step.

HOCKEY on ice is the best game of the winter calendar, but unless something is done quickly to check the obvious tendency to rough play, it will fall into disrepute. The trouble seems not to be with the rules, which, with perhaps trifling revision here and there, will suffice, but with the referees. I have been amazed at the incompetence of these officials; it would be better the game had none than the indifferent ones so frequently in evidence at the rinks.

The rules especially prohibit tripping, striking, and charging from behind; yet I have seen all three broken during the winter, and flagrantly and repeatedly so in the match between the teams of the New York Athletic Club and the Hockey Club of New York. In fact, the play of these two teams was full of foul tactics; when a player could not stop his opponent he charged him, and when he could not get the puck from him, he tripped him. Meanwhile the referee was a silent spectator!

Hockey very sorely needs referees who will intelligently interpret the rules and fearlessly enforce them. His power is unlimited; it is discretionary with him to disqualify a player on the first sign of unfair work. The referee of this winter, as of last winter, contents himself with simply warning; sometimes he scarcely troubles to do that much. In fact, the players and the referees seem thoroughly to understand one another.

It will be too bad if something is not done to check the present tendency, but I fear little evidence of sportsmanly concern may be expected from the American Hockey League. Its officials seem always to have been too intent on the decision of the annual championship. Perhaps the colleges will come to the rescue.



HOW THE ICE-YACHTS ARE STEERED.

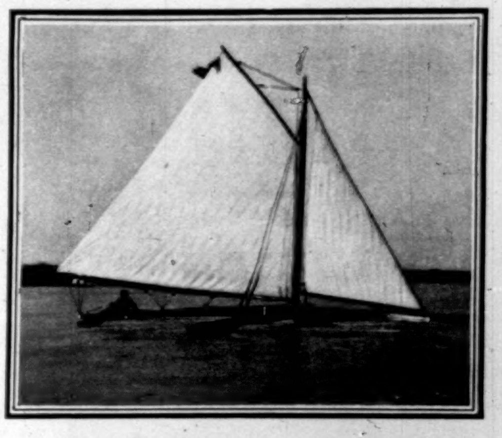
INTER-COLLEGIATE hockey has not hitherto been regularly organized, but an early winter meeting of representatives of Yale, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Brown made the first step towards such association, and arranged for a series of match games. Harvard has a team, but her rule requiring play on college grounds operates against joining the others. Rinks, of course, are not on college grounds, and the weather is usually too uncertain to trust to ponds. It would seem sensible for Harvard to make an exception to her college-ground rule in favor of hockey, since the game at Cambridge cannot flourish otherwise. And it is too good a game to neglect.

Her only match of importance was against Brown, which resulted in a 2-goals-to-1 victory for the latter. In point of skilful play, it was of the least consequence in the inter-collegiate series; there was poor and rough work by both sides. Brown showed considerably the better form—much better than the difference in score suggests.

YALE, among the colleges, is quite entitled to first honors, which in reality were won on the 3d by the defeat of Brown, 4 goals to 3. Take it all through, from first to last of the short inter-collegiate season, Yale's play has been unquestionably the most advanced and the fastest. It has also been the cleanest. On this especially Captain Sanford Stoddard is to be congratulated, as well as on his team's success. Yale began her season well by defeating the Pennsylvania 'varsity, and a team composed of Pennsylvanians, past and present. She has been beaten by the Quaker City Hockey Club, whose ex-Canadian members made it so formidable in Philadelphia last year, and by Brooklyn.

Pennsylvania's play has been excellent, and shows the first-class drilling her men had from the Canadian players who first started the game in Philadelphia.

Brown took up the game more recently, polo having been the favored winter in-door sport at Providence, but made a strong showing last year, and has performed similarly this season. Her form against Yale, especially in the final game, was the best she has shown this year, and but very little inferior to Yale's. The match was close and brilliant in the second half, and the winning score made just as the referee was placing the whistle at



COMMODORE KIDD'S *SNOWDRIFT*.
Three-time Winner of the Higginson Cup.

his lips to announce the end of the game. In the first half, Yale had things all her own way (2 goals to 0), chiefly through the clever work of her forwards, Stoddard and Barnett. So also, in the beginning of the second half, Yale's advantage continued, until a third goal had been scored.

STIFF defensive and brilliant offensive work marked Brown's play from that time forth, and in fifteen minutes Cooke, Revear, and Paine had each scored, and tied the game at 3 goals all. Sharp play and the best hockey of the night marked the remaining three minutes, and Yale snatched the victory at the last instant by a masterful shot of Palmer's, which went squarely between the goal-posts.

The teams lined up as follows:

Yale—Goal, Smith; point, Seeley; cover-point, Brock; forwards, Campbell, Palmer, Barnett, Stoddard.

Brown—Goal, Chase; point, Steere; cover-point, McKinney; forwards, Paine, Hunt, Cooke, Revear.

Referee—William Callender, St. Nicholas S. C.

Summary of inter-collegiate series:

	Yale.	Penn.	Brown.	Columbia.
Yale		January 28, 4-1.	February 3, 4-3.	January 25, 2-0.
Pennsylvania....			January 20, 3-6.	February 3, 3-2.
Brown				
Columbia				

Brown and Columbia will meet next Saturday (February 18) to decide third place. It remains to be seen what Columbia will accomplish; she was rather slow against Yale—who beat her 2 goals to 0, and could undoubtedly have made the score larger—but played better against Pennsylvania. Brown, however, has shown much the stronger form, and would naturally seem to be the winner.

It is pleasing to add that the college games have been entirely free of the foul tactics which have characterized the work of several of the club teams. An inter-collegiate association is advisable, I should say, since assurance is lacking of either sportsmanship or life by the League.

ST. NICHOLAS appears thus far unable to win from any team this winter. Undoubtedly it misses some of its first-class men of '98; but, too, it suffers by comparison with most of the other clubs in the matter of team practice, of which it does not get such an amount as almost any other member of the League. Up to date (February 10) it has been defeated by Montclair, Brooklyn, N.Y.A.C., and the Hockey Club of New York.

Early in the season the supremacy seemed to rest between the N.Y.A.C. ('98 champions) and the Hockey Club of New York, but Brooklyn has revealed considerable, and to some extent unexpected, strength. Its victory over N. Y. A. C., February 8—3 goals to 2—was fairly earned, and entirely the result of superior work. As the one game between N. Y. A. C. and Hockey Club was a tie, and so close as to make the next uncertain, it looks as though Brooklyn had a very good chance for winning the championship of the League. N. Y. A. C. has also defeated Montclair. These five clubs comprise the American Hockey League.

Some games are promised for the future with the Quaker City Amateur League, which also includes five clubs, but none that has as yet shown form equal to the leaders in the American League.

Hockey has been played in this country only since the season of '93-4, when some undergraduates of Brown and Yale introduced it, and in Philadelphia only two seasons; but interest is developing, and the game is rapidly becoming the most important of winter sports. It is only a question of time when all the colleges within reach of ice will take it up. Last year Princeton, with no rink to practise in, nevertheless sent out a very good team.

The chief concern now is that the game, through indifferent League officials and incompetent referees and the rough and foul play of League teams, does not suffer in public esteem.

JUDGED by the success of the Milwaukee A. C. meet, in-door athletics in the Middle West appear not to have been disturbed by the retirement of the Chicago A. A. from the game. The Milwaukee A. C. is the oldest organization but one—the Milwaukee Club—in the State. Its affairs are in flourishing condition, its membership of over four hundred largely composed of representative business men.

This club is undoubtedly doing as much as any other in the West to advance the interests of legitimate sport. Its policy is not, and has never been, in line with that of some of the larger clubs, which practically make professionals of their athletes by allowing them items of expense, equivalent to salaries, as an inducement to compete under their colors. The Milwaukee athletes, I am pleased to learn, work solely and entirely from patriotic motives—the prestige of their club.

The meeting was held before about 6000 spectators, at Exposition Hall, one of the largest and most appropriate buildings for such work in the West. Most of the events were sharply contested and exceedingly interesting, and included entries from University of Chicago; First Regiment A. C.; Notre Dame University; Central Y.M.C.A.; West Side Y. M.C. A., Chicago; Hyde Park, Chicago, High School relay team; and Milwaukee A. C.

SURPRISES were somewhat the order of the meeting, and none created more consternation in Chicago than the victory of First Regiment, which earned 27 points, while University of Chicago secured 24½. Milwaukee A.C. secured 12; Notre Dame, 8½; West Side Y.M.C.A., 8.

Among those deserving special mention for their very good work were J. F. Powers and W. O'Brien, of Notre Dame; Phil Fox (whose win of the 75 yards was perhaps the feature of the evening) and F. C. Franz, of Milwaukee; and the Hyde Park team, which won the relay race for high-schools. Herschberger hurdled cleanly, but lost to Klunder on the sprint to the tape.

Powers worked like a harvest hand in all of his events, and wherever beaten made it extremely interesting for the victor. He is an excellent all-round athlete. He won the high jump (5 ft. 10½ in.), was second in the 16-lb. shot. Franz is another of the same kind, and a hard and conscientious worker. He was third in the high jump, and won the pole vault at 10 ft. 8 in. Fox of Milwaukee is an exceedingly strong and graceful runner, who is reported to have several links to spare before reaching the limit. Martin, who holds the Western indoor pole-vault record (10 ft. 9 in.), was not up to form. Pedgrif's superiority in the quarter-mile was pronounced. He led a field of ten starters from the tape.

Altogether the meet was well managed and a brilliant success. No records were made, but the performances were all very fair.

ICE-YACHTING is a glorious sport, and has had a long and continuous inning this winter, and yet somehow the number of entries to the various races do not materially increase from year to year. But there is nothing surprising in that. The sport is less for busy men or for men of modest income than others more nearly at hand. Not that the yacht costs such a deal, but weather and conditions are so fickle, and the sport such a consumer of time, that only those may thoroughly enjoy it who are prepared to give to it at least half a day at a time. Still, there is a great deal of ice-yachting done annually on the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie, on Orange Lake at Newburg, and at Madison and other points of Wisconsin.

In the East there appear to be two coteries of ice-yachtsmen, each of which holds annual races and bestows a championship pennant upon the winner, and neither enters in the other's events. Thus we lose much good sport that might ensue were there some harmonious combination in at least one annual contest. The Poughkeepsie yachtsmen are entitled to precedence, since they have held their races for years and were organized before any others in the East even existed. Besides which the Hudson River yachts seem always to have been the fleetest.

CHAMPIONSHIP races are invariable on the Hudson, and Mr. John A. Roosevelt's *Icicle* has been a many-times winner. This season the event was a beautiful struggle between Archibald Rogers's *Jack Frost*, the '98 winner, and *Icicle*, over a twenty-mile course before a brisk wind. It was close and exciting throughout, with very little separating the two leaders at any time, and *Jack Frost* not far behind at the finish. *Ranger* (Merritt Brothers) was third, and *Hames* (Alexander June) fourth. Winner's time, 1 h. 9 m. 27 sec.

The interest in ice-boating around Poughkeepsie may be judged by the fact that there are, all told, about forty-three yachts owned in that vicinity, nine of which belong to the first class.

Orange Lake has witnessed a plenty of racing too. Though the number of yachts is less, the interest in the sport is quite up to that shown on the Hudson. Handicaps appear to be popular on Orange Lake and always in order, with *Windward* (H. C. Higginson), *Snowdrift* (W. A. Kidd), *Cold Wave* (James O'Brien), *Ice King* (C. M. Stebbins), *Troubler* (Robert Kernahan), *Flying Jib* (Gerard Wood) *Æolus*, (G. E. Trimble), *Graziella* (H. J. Jood), and *Arctic* (E. Walsh) the more frequent competitors. *Arctic* has one race this season from *Snowdrift* to her credit, but usually the contest rests between *Snowdrift* and *Windward*, which seem to be the fastest of the lot.

Windward has won the Kidd trophy from *Troubler*, *Arctic*, and *Graziella*; and *Snowdrift* captured the Higginson Cup for the third time, the other entries including *Windward*, *Cold Wave*, *Arctic*, *Troubler*, though *Windward* did not start in the second and final trial.

There apparently is little doubt of *Snowdrift* being the fastest of the Orange Lake fleet.

DOUBT having been expressed as to the precise meaning of some Middle-Western college rules, referred to here recently, perhaps it would be more generally convincing to print them intact:

MIDDLE-WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE RULES GOVERNING ATHLETICS.

As adopted November 25, 1898.

Adopted by the Faculty, University of Wisconsin, January 9, 1899.

1. Only *bona fide* students, doing full work in a regular or special course, as defined in the curriculum of their college, are eligible to participate in an inter-collegiate athletic contest.

2. The following persons are ineligible to compete in inter-collegiate athletic contests:

a. Any one who receives regular compensation from his college or university for services as instructor (or as holder of a fellowship: added 1898).

b. Preparatory students of the colleges represented in this conference.

c. Any student who has used, or is using, his knowledge of athletics or his athletic skill for gain, or who receives any gift, remuneration, or pay for his services on a college team.

d. Any student who has taken part in an athletic contest under an assumed name.

e. Any person who shall hereafter compete in an athletic contest announced as amateur, but for which a purse or money prize is publicly advertised or announced.

This has reference to alleged "amateur" Caledonian games, county fairs, etc.

3. The following persons are ineligible to a particular sport:

a. Any person who shall have participated in that particular sport as a member of any college, or colleges, for four years in the aggregate.

The following persons shall be held to have "participated" in a sport:

a. Any member of one of the colleges which agree to these rules who has played in a football or baseball game between his college and one of the other colleges agreeing to these rules.

b. Any member of any other college who has taken part in any inter-collegiate baseball or football game.

4. The following persons are ineligible for a longer or shorter time, as specified below:

a. Any student who is admitted to college without regular preparation, and mainly on the basis of age or maturity, is ineligible until he has completed one full year of residence, and passed examinations on a full year's work. Added 1898.

b. Any student who is delinquent in his studies, according to the rules of the college to which he belongs.

c. Any person having been a member of any college athletic team during any year, and having been in attendance less than one college half-year, is ineligible to play in any inter-collegiate contest thereafter until he shall have been in attendance six consecutive college months; but it is understood that a student otherwise eligible who enters at the opening of the college year, and remains in continuous attendance, is eligible to all contests of the year, and that students who are absent by reason of sickness are not rendered ineligible by such absence.

d. Any person who has participated as a college student in any inter-collegiate game as a member of any college team is ineligible to participate in any game as a member of another college team until he has been a matriculant in such college for a period of one year.

To this regulation there are the following exceptions, and the following classes of students are eligible at once to membership on an athletic team:

a. A student who obtains an academic degree before leaving his college.

b. A student who has been absent from college one continuous college year, or more.

c. A student who has completed in the college which he leaves an amount of study not more than equivalent to the entrance requirements in some one of the academic or engineering courses of the university which he enters.

If, however, the student has attempted and failed in the higher work of the college which he leaves, the provisions of Rule 4 apply.

5. The committee in charge of athletics in each university shall require every person who desires to represent that university in inter-collegiate athletic contests to subscribe to a statement that he is eligible under the letter and spirit of the above rules.

6. All inter-collegiate games shall be played on grounds either owned by or under immediate control of one or both of the colleges participating in the contest, and all inter-collegiate games shall be played under student management, and not under the control of any corporation or association or private individual.

7. The election of managers, assistant managers, and captains of teams in each college shall be subject to the approval of the committee on athletics.

8. College football teams shall play only with teams representing educational institutions.

9. Ten days before every inter-collegiate contest the respective chairmen of the athletic committees of the institutions concerned shall mail to each other a certified list of players, eligible under the rules adopted, to participate in said contest. It shall be the duty of the captains of the respective teams to exclude all players from the contest save those so certified.

BEARING in mind the comment made some weeks ago, quotations from a letter received from a member of a Western faculty will be interesting:

> .... No modification was made by the Thanksgiving Conference in regard to the four-year rule, rule 3. All that was done regarding the four-year rule was to insert the divisions A and B, which were, in part, in the minutes of previous meetings, making them more strict by substituting "played in a football game" instead of "played *one-half* of a football game." The modification is in the third exception to rule 4 D, requiring a college student transferring to another college to wait a year before he is eligible.... The claim of the student has nothing to do with his playing. If the student has not gone beyond a preparatory course in the college which he leaves, he is entitled to play at once in the college which he enters.
>
> The question of the amount of work done by such a student is to be determined not by the Athletic Council of the college which the student enters, but by the regular officer, or committee, having charge of entrances in that college.
>
> I do not consider this rule at all ideal, but it seemed to be the best manner of meeting a difficult situation.

There is sound reasoning in this.

The conference held last year adopted a regulation by which the colleges of the West were divided into two groups. Students entering one group from a higher rank would have to wait for a year before engaging in athletics, while students entering from the other group might be allowed to play at once. The Wisconsin Council strongly disapproved of this form of exception, and the present form is the result of that disapproval. It may be an improvement on the other, and I am inclined to think it is, but it is not ideal. It seems uncommonly cumbersome and elaborate, while exception *a* sounds strange to Eastern ears. There is too much, indeed, of rule-making.

Chicago seems to have understood the new rules to prolong the four-year period, and, acting on that supposition, has re-elected Kennedy captain. I can get no such interpretation from them.

THE protestations of Professor J. Scott Clark to the Chicago newspapers anent the scandal in the football management of Northwestern University have a familiar ring. It seems as though in a similar cause and at another and an earlier occasion I have heard the same sentiments and denials.

Something will be accomplished toward convincing the public of Northwestern's repudiation of professionalism if the offending football-manager is expelled and the coach discharged. Light will also be thrown upon the scope given managers if a statement is made telling from what sources the manager expected to get the money which he promised the quarter-back. The truth may hurt, but it will be good for the game, and, in the end, good for Northwestern and for all the Western institutions.

ONE of the excellent things that have been done in the West in the last three to four years, for encouraging healthful, vigorous sport, is the establishment of scholastic leagues. Nothing has been so gratifying, on my various trips throughout the country, as to find these leagues, and their members, thriving healthfully, oftentimes amidst unwholesome surroundings. For instance, although club athletics and football in San Francisco and environs, and in Chicago, have been semi-professional, the scholastic leagues at both places flourish wholesomely. Considering that the school athletes of to-day will be the college athletes of to-morrow, there is much cause for rejoicing in the healthful development of inter-scholastic association. The last convert to the good work is Nebraska, whose State association of teachers has just given the high-schools of the State an inter-scholastic league.

CORNELL'S exposé of her internal football captain and coach troubles is distressing to sportsmen. Will our colleges never acquire the good taste to wash their soiled linen in silence and in privacy?

Caspar Whitney.

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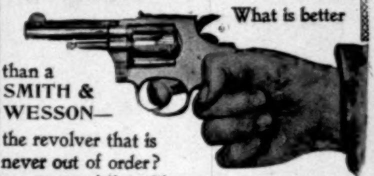

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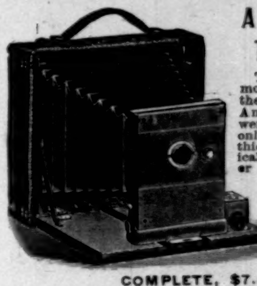

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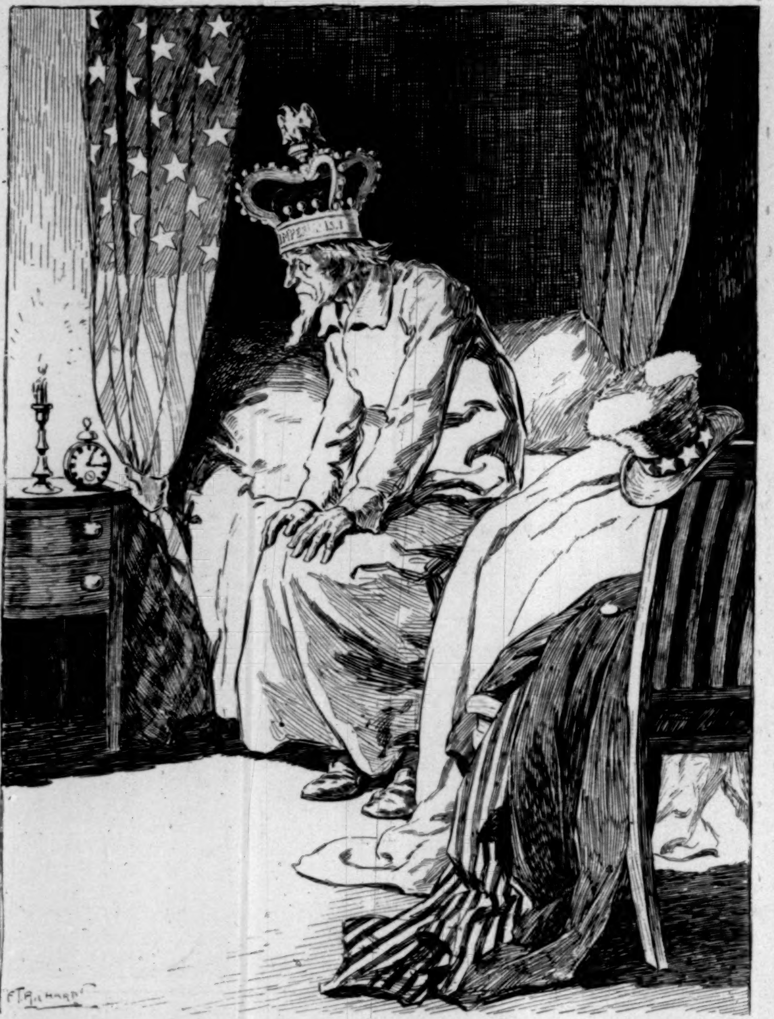

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Annual Statement

OF THE

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JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,313,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220.243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00

Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
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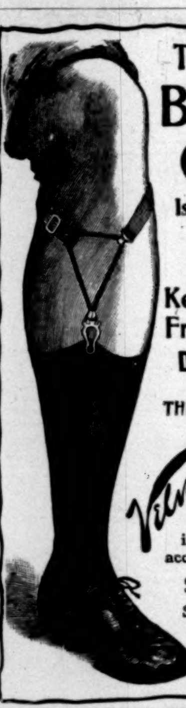

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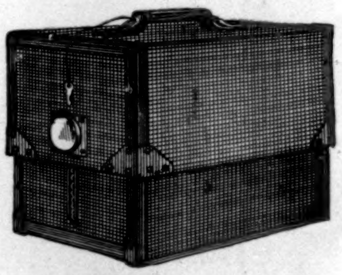

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RECONSTRUCTING CUBA—*Creating Havana's Police*

By Franklin Matthews, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

Havana, *February 5.*

JOHN McCULLAGH, former chief of police of New York city, strolled down the Prado one day last week, and cast a critical eye over eight hundred men drawn up in double rank in companies and battalions. The men were in citizens' dress, and they stood at attention. They were the men who had been selected from 2400 applicants for membership in Havana's new and first real police force. They ranged from 5 feet 6¼ inches to 6 feet 4½ inches in height. Every eye was toward the front and every man was alert. They were nervous, but keenly intelligent; nearly one-half were well dressed. The rest had made an effort to hide deficiencies in personal appearance. Nine-tenths were in excellent physical condition. Here and there thin and drawn features told a story of the hardships of campaigning or of illness. Most of them had been advocates of Cuba's freedom, and probably one-half of them had served in jungles in the starved so-called Cuban army. It was plain, as McCullagh went down the ranks, that there was an *esprit de corps*. Pride in the work and an eagerness to show efficiency were stamped on every face. Except for their ages, they looked like West Point "plebes" after being lined up for the fourth or fifth time.

Several Cuban army officers, detailed to give instruction in drilling, were within call as McCullagh sauntered to the right of the line.

He called an interpreter, who summoned the battalion's chiefs and captains.

"I want the men to move by fours right," he said, "and then form company front and march up the Prado."

The interpreter told the assembled officers what the order was; the army officers gave a word of explanation, and then a great jabbering and gesticulation began. The officers all talked at once. They shrieked at one another; they threw their hands this way and that; they took measured steps here and there; then they cooled down into an animated jabbering, and finally one after another ceased talking and assumed an air of calm. In a flash the storm broke again. McCullagh had been standing, half-amused, but with cold exterior, off at one side. His brow now became wrinkled, he bit his lower lip, opened his mouth to speak, checked himself, clinched his hands, and then blurted out in a sharp order,

"Interpreter, tell those men to quit talking, and go and *do it!*"

The officers gave a searching glance at the former New York chief of police. He smiled, and they started off with animation. Shrill commands in Spanish rang down the lines. At last "Forward march" was given, and the entire body of men moved off at a quick pace. Then they formed company front, and at last John McCullagh was happy.

"Good! good!" he shouted. "Very good! *Bueno!*"

It had all been done in ten days. It was a show well worth seeing, and it was a worthy source of pride. Only ten days before had the first man in the parade passed his physical and mental examination. If John McCullagh has had one superior quality of excellence as a policeman, it has been as a disciplinarian, a drill-master, and he has always showed it in controlling a large body of men. Raw and crude as was his material in this case, from a military standpoint, his skill—one might almost say his genius—showed itself as those men marched up Havana's great show street. The drill lasted half an hour. The men were dismissed, and ordered to appear again for the usual morning and afternoon drills. The officers were told to come to police headquarters in the evening for instruction.

Twice a day McCullagh is now going through the work of drilling his policemen, of putting spirit and pride into them, of instructing their officers in what real police duty means. That alone is a tremendous task, but it is a mere trifle of the work McCullagh had to do here in an advisory capacity for the creation and equipment of the Havana police force.

It was on December 14, 1898, that McCullagh arrived here. General Greene, the first military governor of the city under the United States, had asked President McKinley to send him. Colonel Moulton of the Second Illinois Volunteers had been appointed Chief of Police. Colonel Moulton and Mr. McCullagh at once plunged into work. For three days they drove about the city. They studied the police system in force. It was a farce. About 1800 men were on duty. Of these 300 were municipal police, appointed by the City Council to enforce the city ordinances; 300 were government police appointed by authorities of the province; 1200 belonged to the *orden publico*. The 1200 were really soldiers. They and the city police, in cases of arrest for felony, had to turn prisoners over to the government police. There were no station-houses. All the prisoners were taken to the *vivac*, or city jail. A record was made of the arrest, and that was as far as all police records went. There was no record of criminals kept, and after a man was sent to jail, all sight of him was lost so far as the police were concerned.

The policeman, after an arrest, took his prisoner to his captain, whose office was in his residence. The captain committed him to jail and sent the case to a magistrate. There were twelve magistrates, six of whom were "judges of the first instance." The salary of these was $5000 each, and they adjudicated felonies. The other six judges received no salaries, and they sat in misdemeanor cases. They simply lived on blackmail and robbery. Those prisoners who had money never went to jail to stay. Only a Tammany official in the old days could thoroughly "size up" such a situation. It would probably appal him at the start as a "magnificent graft." After from one to three days the prisoners' cases were heard, and then came jail or a fine. The police knew no more about the cases, except as an unusually intelligent policeman kept a record for himself. The man who went to jail got out afterward as best he could, either from expiration of sentence or through corruption. The system was thoroughly Spanish in its operation, and corruption was its corner-stone.

Four days later McCullagh reported to General Greene, and laid before him a full and complete reorganization plan. He divided the city into six inspection districts and twelve precincts. He recommended that 360 night posts and 180 day posts be established. He divided the force which was necessary in his judgment as follows: 1 chief, 1 deputy-chief, 8 inspectors, 12 captains, 48 lieutenants, 834 patrolmen, 10 detective sergeants, 14 detectives, 12 precinct detectives, and 12 doormen. Of the patrolmen, 100 were to be mounted for duty in the suburbs. The force was to consist of about 1000 men.

The same day that this report was made applications for membership on the force began. The word was simply passed around. General Greene approved the report, and then McCullagh went to work on equipments. He sent orders to New York for shields, belts, day and night sticks, tassels, wreaths, numbers, and other paraphernalia. The United States government agreed to furnish pistols. General Greene co-operated instantly with McCullagh. A design for a uniform and buttons was agreed upon. There was not sufficient cloth in Havana to make the blue uniforms. The contractor had to sail for New York to get it. For the buttons and shields special dies had to be cast. They had to bear the coat of arms of Havana. This occupied a month.

McCullagh then started to get up his printing. These were desk blotters, arrest-books, force-books, oath-books, returns of various kinds, complaint-books against the force, transfer-books, and other kinds of stationery. He drew up a set of 180 rules and regulations, and instructions in the school of the soldier and of the company—all to be printed in English and Spanish. Bids were asked, and a contract given. A printers' strike delayed matters in the work for an entire week.

General Greene went home on December 24, and General Ludlow took his place as governor of the city. Naturally General Ludlow went all over the ground again with McCullagh. Everything was explained, and General Ludlow approved the plans. There was some delay about the selection of station-houses and their fittings. There also developed some friction in the actual control of the police. Finally Colonel Moulton was deposed as chief and sent back to his regiment, and General Menocal, formerly of the insurgent army, was appointed chief. Practically nothing had been accomplished from December 16 to January 12. McCullagh grew impatient and wanted to go home. He told General Ludlow so, and it is no secret that General Ludlow refused to let him go. McCullagh asked if anybody was to stand between him and the general in creating the force, and the general said there was not. McCullagh went to work again with renewed vigor, and on January 16 the first applicants were examined. Two surgeons were employed. The men had to be at least 5 feet 6¼ inches tall, and to be in good physical condition, or able to be put in that condition soon. They had to read and write. No distinction was made as to religion or past political sympathies. Quite a number of Spaniards were accepted. Those who stood the test were presented to McCullagh. He took the best and placed them to one side as finally accepted. The others were placed on a reserve list. He did not reject them, because he feared he might run short of men. Day after day the examination went on, until 2700 men had been passed upon, and 800 accepted. Drills began at once; measurements of every man were taken for uniforms, and officers were appointed. Everything was done systematically.

Many of the officers were former Cuban officers. One inspector is General Menocal's brother. A captain is a nephew of Henry Clews; another captain is Roosevelt's bugler, the famous Cassi, who has seen service in Dahomey, in Tonquin, in the Chinese navy, and in the American army. The deputy-chief is General Cardenas of the Cuban army. Most of the patrolmen are members of the best Cuban families. Some of them have been wealthy, some look like former prosperous business men. Even in citizen's dress, some of them half-ragged, they presented an unusually intelligent appearance.

McCullagh's hard work was in full swing. He found that there was no accurate map of distances in Havana. A civil engineer who was recommended to him from New York as competent—a man who once had surveyed part of Havana—was appointed a lieutenant of police, and ordered to measure every street in the city. Several days were occupied in this, and finally the posts were laid out for the entire city by feet. It was a tremendous undertaking, but now Havana distances are known to the exact foot.

It was decided to fix their salaries—chief of police, $4000; deputy-chief, $2000; inspectors, $1800; captains, $115 a month; lieutenants (sergeants in New York), $90 a month; sergeants (roundsmen in New York), $65 a month; patrolmen and doormen, $50 a month. Each man has to pay for his equipment in deductions from his salary.

I went with McCullagh to one of his drills. It all had to be done through interpreters. Commands were given in English and Spanish, so as to accustom the men to the Americanizing of affairs. There were many mistakes. McCullagh frequently dashed into the lines and set some officer or man in the right path. He was patient, but severe and stern, and a wave of discipline seemed to run through the ranks at his first approach. Nevertheless, he was kindly at all times, and discouraged no man. It was a terrific trial. He muttered criticisms in confidence to me as the men passed before him, pointed out this and that man as especially adapted to police duty, tried in vain to repress the jabberings and gesticulations of his officers, and in an undertone once said, regarding the display of a piece of annoying stupidity,

"Now wouldn't that drive a New York police official crazy?"

Marked progress was made, however, and finally, after a hard attempt to make the men break ranks in proper form, he jumped into a carriage half exhausted, but really proud.

"It's hard work," he exclaimed, "but I'll have those men in as fine shape as any police force in the world before I finish."

Then he dashed to his printers. It was the old mañana story again. Certain blanks would surely be ready tomorrow.

"What time?" asked the outwardly imperturbable McCullagh.

"Two o'clock."

McCullagh sent a look into his contractor's eyes that would have made a man in New York sink into a chair in fright. He paused a long time.

"I'll give you until four o'clock," he said, "and if you don't deliver them you'll not get paid for them."

Then he jumped into his carriage again. He said he expected to go through with the same thing every day for a week with his printers. Off he raced to the clothing contractor. Some of the patrolmen were trying on their uniforms. Here was apparent progress, but it was only apparent. The force was nearly a week behind time. I have never seen a more excited and gesticulating crowd of men than in that tailoring establishment. From the proprietor down to porters all were crying mañana, and McCullagh finally fled. If he doesn't have nervous prostration for a year after he gets back to New York, it will be a marvel.

Thus McCullagh has done and is doing his work. What he has accomplished seems marvellous to a layman. I could not resist praising him to his face, and I cannot resist praising him here. I doubt if any other man could have accomplished it. In about ten days he hopes to assemble his men some night, send them out on post, and take possession of the city. Then the soldier lads who have been doing police duty with loaded guns will be returned to strict military duty, and they will rejoice, for they say their work has been irksome and most trying. They will not be one bit happier than John McCullagh.

Cuba's Change of Flag

FROM A SPANISH POINT OF VIEW

BY THE MARQUIS DE GIRANTA, SECRETARY OF THE SPANISH EVACUATION COMMISSION.

SPANISH sovereignty in Cuba came to an end in 1898, and the stars and stripes took the place of the red and yellow flag on the 1st of January, 1899. The old régime disappeared—the régime of four centuries—and a new one is to be established. The typical uniform of the Spanish soldiers is no longer seen in the Pearl of the Antilles, but in its place on all sides the blue of Yankee troops interspersed with the nondescript garb of Cubans.

One hundred and thirty thousand soldiers who occupied the island when hostilities ended returned to their Spanish homes, pleased with the fact of return, though deploring the occasion of it. The repatriation, which was begun after the signing of the protocol at Washington on the 12th of last August, continued without interruption, but without haste, until the date, January 1, was agreed upon for its termination; from that time forward it was characterized by great rapidity. Nevertheless, when the 1st of January arrived, forty-five thousand Spanish soldiers still remained on the island of Cuba, eighteen thousand concentrated at Matanzas, and twenty-seven thousand at Cienfuegos, the port from which, in February, the last of the troops and the general-in-chief took their departure for Spain. The return of so many thousands of soldiers to Spain, like their arrival in Cuba, was successfully accomplished in good order, and with extraordinary despatch. The Spanish troops embarked, battalion after battalion, observing the same discipline which marked their arrival here, and by no person or thing was their departure embittered. The change of the flag has not, as was feared, given rise to conflicts or to ill feeling. The Spanish army was guilty of no misconduct in abandoning the country where it had fought so long and hard; the American troops were far from abusing their position as conquerors; no violation of the laws is to be ascribed to the Cuban populace, which was so impatient to see its old foes march away. Only a few disagreeable incidents occurred when, towards the end of December, a part of Havana which had been cleared of troops constituted itself "Free Cuba," and abandoned itself to disorder, displaying American and Cuban flags wherever it wished—a turbulent populace surging in the streets and discharging fire-arms of all sorts.

Until the present time good sense has prevailed. The Spaniards, who form a rich, numerous, and industrious colony, support the change with dignity and calmness, and the Cubans have surrendered themselves neither to the intoxication of triumph nor to the suggestions of hatred. All are aware that the Cubans are not the conquerors and that the Spaniards are not the only conquered people; for Cuba has indeed ceased to be Spanish. But what has it become? It has changed its flag, but when the Spanish flag was lowered, not the Cuban, but the American flag was raised in its place. And now the questions are, Will the American flag be lowered, or will it remain? Will the task be easy or difficult, and will there be much delay or but little before it is hauled down?

Cuba has been almost a century behind the other Spanish-American colonies in separating itself from its mother-country. In view of the Spanish temperament, which is inclined to sectionalism, disintegration, independence (whether due to the arrogance of the governed or to the incapacity of the government); in view of the seductive example of the emancipated colonies, organized as free